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A

COLLECTION

OF

EPIGRAMS, LUDICROUS EPITAPHS,

SONNETS, TALES,

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES,

&c. &c.

INTERSPERSED WITH ORIGINALS.

Decies repetita placebit. HOR.

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PREFACE.

The following Poems, chiefly epigrammatical, were selected by the Editor from publications of acknowledged celebrity; if he can claim any merit in submitting them to the Public, it consists in a studious endeavour to avoid the insertion of the common hackneyed trash which generally abounds in works of a similar description: his pretensions, however, must be left to the decision of his Readers.

That vanity which is the *primum mobile* of all our hearts has induced the Editor to intersperse, in this selection, a few original trifles, the production of his leisure hours: should they be deemed deficient in merit, he has no other apology to offer, except that at the time of their composition he was assailed by that disease so common to small poets—the *furor scribendi;*

> Which makes them, though it were in spite
> Of nature and their stars, to write.

The Editor acknowledges, with pleasure, some original *petites pièces*, which he has been favoured with by others: those signed "ISABELLA" are the production of a Lady whose name he is not permitted to mention; he is under a similar injunction with regard to the Lines signed "G. B." For the "Lines to Isabella" he is indebted to the versatile Muse of Dr. Wolcot. The other pieces, marked with an asterisk, claim no other poetical parent than the Editor,

W. T.

Inner Temple,
June, 1807.

ANTHOLOGIA,

&c.

ITALIAN PUN.

WHEN General Wurmser had compelled the French to evacuate Verona, and raise the siege of Mantua, the Italians, rejoiced at his successes, received the French every where with execration and insult. Pasquin and Marforio contributed their share to the general contempt; on the statue of Marforio was written, "*Si dice che i Francesi sono tutti ladroni,*" "They say the French are all rascals." To which Pasquin replies, "*Non tutti, ma buona-parte;* "No, not all, but Buonaparte:" the latter word, in Italian, meaning a great many, as well as being the name of the French General.

BON MOT OF LORD ERSKINE,

THE PRESENT CHANCELLOR.

SPENCER PERCEVAL, the late Attorney-General, coming into the Court of King's Bench later than usual, the Bar was rather crowded; a Barrister observed to Erskine, "We must make room, here is a Gentleman of the *long robe* coming." "No," replied Erskine, "he is only a *Spencer* of the law."

---

*MISCONCEPTION.

A TALE.

ERE Night her sable curtain spread,
Ere Phœbus had retir'd to bed
In Thetis' lap;
Ere drowsy watchmen yet had ta'en
Their early nap;

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
To Farmer Fitz Maurice's fold
Did slily creep,
Where numerous flocks were quiet laid
In th' arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal;
But, hapless, close behind his heel
Was ploughman Joe,
Who just arriv'd in time to stop
The murd'rous blow.

May ill luck on ill actions wait!
The felon must to Justice strait
Be dragg'd perforce,
Where prosecutors urge his guilt
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands
From th' elbow-chair,
Where Justice sits in solemn state,
With brow austere.

" Rogue, what excuse hast thou for this?
" For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice
" Thou knew'st full well
" The sheep within that fold belong'd;
" Come, quickly tell:

" Confess thy crime, 'twill nought avail
" To say, the mark above the tail
" Thou didst not heed;
" For G. F. M. in letters large,
" Thou plain might'st read."

" 'Tis true, I did," the thief replies,
" But man is not at all times wise;
" As I'm a glutton,
" I clearly thought that G. F. M.
" Meant *Good Fat Mutton.*"

EPIGRAM.

ST. GEORGE, to save a maid, a dragon slew;
A gallant action, grant the thing were true:
Some say there are no dragons—nay, 'tis said
There's no St. George—pray heav'n there be a maid!

THE CHAIN OF GOVERNMENT.

WHEN Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man:
This Moses asserts, and from hence would infer,
That woman rules man, and the Devil rules her.

ON THE DEATH OF MARAT.

INFERNAL King, beware! a mortal foe
Descends to visit thy dread realms below;
Or from thy loins he'll strip thy regal coat,
And quickly change thee to a *sans-culotte.*

ON A GENTLEMAN WHO MARRIED HIS MISTRESS.

God's noblest works are honest men,
Says Pope's instructive line;
To make an honest woman, then,
Most surely is divine.

ON

DR. HOLLAND'S TRANSLATION OF SUETONIUS.

Philemon with Translations so does fill us,
He will not let Suetonius be *tranquillus*.

EPIGRAM.

A single Doctor like a sculler plies,
And all his art and all his physic tries;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Conduct you soonest to the Stygian shores.

A MATRIMONIAL CASE.

My Lord and my Lady scold, wrangle, and fight,
Yet are both of one mind, and are both in the right:
She calls him a fool—he knows he's not wise;
He calls her a whore—and she can't say he lies.

LINES

ON

LORD PEMBROKE'S WHITEWASHING THE BA OF HIS HOUSE, NEXT THE THAMES.

[*Supposed to be written by a Waterman.*]

Upon the Thames I daily row'd
Full twenty years or thirty,
When Pembroke's earl his backside show'd,
Black, yellow, brown, and dirty.

But lately, as I pass'd, I cried,
(So white and clean it made is),
This cannot be my Lord's backside,
It surely is my Lady's.

EPIGRAM.

Do you, said Fanny, t'other day,
In earnest love me, as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear!
For by those eyes, those lips, I swear—
She stopp'd me, as the oath I took,
And cried, you've sworn—now kiss the book.

ON A PHYSICIAN AND PARSON WHO HAD BOTH ABUSED HIM.

[BY DRYDEN.]

WOULD'ST thou be damn'd at once, and perish whole,
Trust Blackmore with thy health, and Milbourne with thy soul.

EPIGRAM.

DRINK, says old Sophist, and then fear no evil;
'Tis thus alone that we can cheat the Devil:
He *walketh thro' dry places*—this we know,
And so keep wetting wheresoe'er we go.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my threadbare gown:
Threadbare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

HERE lies my wife—Reader, enough is said;
Good only should be spoken of the dead.

LINES OF LOPEZ DE VEGA,

CARICATURED BY DR. JOHNSON.

Se acquien los leones vence,
Vence una muger hermosa,
O el de flaco averguence,
O ella di sei mus furiosa.

IMITATED.

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a sign that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

D'ANNE LA NOIRE.

Anne se faisoit à croire
Que se lavant dans cette eau,
Blanche y deviendroit sa peau,
Mais sa peau rendit l'eau noire.

*IMITATED.

ANN, in yon transparent laver
Though to wash your face you seem,
Trust me, 'tis a vain endeavour,
You but soil the limpid stream.

ON SHELDON'S ANATOMICAL SCHOOL, IN GREAT QUEEN-STREET,

BEING CONVERTED INTO

AN UNDERTAKER'S SHOP.

WHERE once dissecting Sheldon lectur'd crowds,
A funeral-monger now exhibits shrowds,
And, like the first possessor of the place,
Imprisons many a dead man in a case.

SCHOLASTIC WIT.

WHEN Dr. Jeggon was Master of Bennet College, he punished all the under-graduates, for some general offence, by a pecuniary fine; and because he disdained to convert the penalty-money to his own use, he expended it in whitewashing the hall of the college. A scholar wrote the following distich upon the screen:

Dr. Jeggon, Bennet College Master,
Broke the Scholars heads, and gave the Walls a plaster.

Upon perusing which, the Doctor wrote underneath,

Knew I but the wag who wrote these lines in bravery,
I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery.

ON THE

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

BETWEEN

A SURGEON AND AN UNDERTAKER.

WHEN Leo the grave-feeder hunger'd for blood,
Him Surgeon Jackall replenish'd with food,
They dwelt in one house, they carv'd meat for each other;
Whom one potion'd to death was a tenant to brother.
They quarrel'd—the contract no longer held dear,
And Mortality's Bill fell a thousand a year.

EPIGRAM.

As Tom was one day in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his manners to mend;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many.
They lie, replied Tom—for I never had any.

THE CHOICE.

Lo! there's the bride, and there's the tree;
Take which of them best pleases thee.
"The bargain's bad, on either part—
"But, hangman, come!—drive on the cart."

EPIGRAM.

[MARTIAL.]

THY hair and beard are of a different dye,
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye—
With all these symptoms of a rogue complete,
Should'st thou be honest—thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.

ANECDOTE OF MR. PITT AND LORD THURLOW.

IN the year 1790, when the Lord Chancellor Thurlow was supposed to be on unfriendly terms with the Premier, a friend asking the latter how Lord Thurlow drew with them? "I don't know," says Pitt, "how he draws, but he has not yet refused his oats."

EPIGRAM.

ANCIENT Phillis has *young* graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one:
Where's the wonder now?

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

[BURNS.]

BELOW these stones lie Jamie's bones;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took'st such a bleth'ring bitch
Into thy dark dominion.

TU DOCES.

THESE words were inscribed by Harry Erskine on his tea-chest, and make a neat pun when translated literally, being the second person singular of the verb *doceo*, to teach, viz. thou teachest.

EPIGRAM.

ONCE on a time I fair Eusebia kiss'd,
Whose *nose* was too distinguish'd to be miss'd:
My dear, says I, I fain would kiss you closer,
But tho' your lips say Aye—your nose says, No, Sir.
—The maid was equally to fun inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lily hand *behind:*
Here, swain, she cry'd, may'st thou securely kiss,
Where there's no nose to interrupt thy bliss.

CAMDEN gives us the following EPITAPH, equal in impiety and absurdity:

Here ligg I, Martin Eltingbrod,
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I would do if I were God,
And thou wert Martin Eltingbrod.

Which probably gave rise to the Archbishop of C——'s ADDRESS TO THE DEITY:

Such is my most transcendent love of thee,
And such my self-denial touching me,
That were it possible that I
Had been the all-creating Deity,
And thou hadst worn, as I do now,
The sacred mitre on thy brow—
To thee my deity I would resign,
And let the plain Archbishopric be mine.

....

PARODIED BY A CURATE.

As you are Archbishop, and I a poor Curate,
(My love to myself I own is obdurate,)
To thee my curacy I would resign,
And let the plain Archbishopric be mine.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A SILVERSMITH WITH A PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

In Scripture search, you'll find it said,
That earth to earth in vessels wed:
But now 'tis plain the marriage-knot
To silver joins the pewter pot.

ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

Manners, who had been lately created Earl of Rutland, told Sir Thomas More that he was too much elated with his preferment (being made Lord Chancellor), saying he verified the old proverb,

Honores mutant Mores.

No, my Lord, replied Sir Thomas; the pun will do better in English,

Honors change Manners.

ON A PALE LADY.

Whence comes it that on Clara's face
The lily only has a place?
Is it because the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

ANECDOTE

RELATING TO THE ASSASSINATION OF THOMAS THYNNE, ESQ.

THE circumstances relating to the assassination of this gentleman (whose monument in Westminster-Abbey represents the manner of his death) are not generally known:—He married an heiress, in compliance with the wishes of his family, and immediately after the ceremony eloped with Miss Trevor, one of the maids of honour of Catharine of Portugal, wife of Charles II. He was shot by Count Koningsmarck, in revenge for his dishonourable conduct, as may be inferred from the following Epitaph, which appeared at the time of his death.

HERE lies Tom Thynne, of Longleat-hall,
Who ne'er would have miscarried,
If he'd married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A BARBER.

POOR bumpkins' skins I torture,
When o'er with soap-suds lav'd;
And tho' I shave by th' quarter,
They're not a quarter shav'd.

SPANISH ZEAL.

[BUTLER.]

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Russ to reconcile:
For, where there is no store of wealth,
Souls are not worth the charge of health.
Spain in America had two designs,
To sell her gospel for their mines;
For had the Mexicans been poor,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore:
'Twas gold the Catholic religion planted,
Which (had they wanted gold) they still had wanted.

ANECDOTE OF LORD ROCHESTER.

CHARLES the Second, of witty memory, once told Rochester, that he would give him a word to which he could find no rhyme in English. Rochester denied it, and a wager was laid upon it. The King mentioned Nebuchadonazar; to which Rochester, without hesitation, replied, "The curse of G—d on ye, Sir."

EPIGRAM.

Says Harry to Dick, " Come, be of good cheer,
" The Ministry soon will be chang'd, as I hear."
—" Good news!" replies Dick; " but it better would be,
" If in chang'd you could fairly omit letter C."

THE RAKE'S RESOLVE.

Oh! I'll reform; I will, I swear!
To Hymen I'll address my vows,
And I'll beget a son and heir;
And tend my sheep, and milk my cows,
And doze and fatten with my spouse.

And I'll grow fond of simple Nature,
Free from vain arts and dull grimaces,
And doat upon each flatten'd feature
Of rural love's athletic graces,
With mottled arms and cherub faces.

And now the rustic's toil I'll share,
And wield the fork, and trail the rake;
Now at the sermon sit and stare,
Till dull observers shall mistake,
And fancy I am broad awake.

And I will taste the sportsman's joys,
With hounds and guns pursue my way,
And find such raptures in a noise,
That all the wond'ring 'Squires shall say
I am as wise and blest as they.

Then to the festive hall I'll pass,
And in the jovial chorus join;
And, sick'ning o'er th' unfinish'd glass,
I'll swear our pleasures are divine,
When dulness is improv'd by wine.

Yes, I'll reform: vain world, adieu!
Henceforth, with rural joys content,
A life of reason I'll pursue;
Of all my former sins repent,
And die a *cuckold* and a *saint*.

EPIGRAM.

Did ladies now, as we are told
Our great grandmother did of old,
Wake to a sense of blasted fame,
The fig-tree spoil to hide their shame,
So numerous are our modern Eves,
A forest scarce could find them leaves.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL VALANCY.

WHEN the General was in Ireland, he and his lady were frequently besieged by importunate beggars. One morning they were accosted by an old woman, with "Arrah! now, success to your "Ladyship, and his Honour's honour, this morning; "sure, didn't I dream, last night, that your Lady- "ship gave me a pound of *tay*, and his Honour a "pound of *tobacco*."—"But, my good woman," replied the General, "do you not know also that "dreams go by the rule of contrary?"—"Do they, "please your Honour? then, sure enough, it's your "Honour who will give me the *tay*, and her Lady- "ship the *tobacco*."

ON

MR. MASON'S ABUSE OF THE LATE DR. JOHNSON,

IN HIS MEMOIRS OF W. WHITEHEAD.

WHEN Johnson spake, poor Mason's wrath was dumb;
But, Johnson silenc'd, prattles o'er his tomb:
Thus, at some eagle slain, once frighted crows,
With dastard vengeance, aim their puny blows:
Mason! what wreath shall grace that critic's head,
Who fear'd the living, but insults the dead?

THE PRIEST AND THE OSTLER.

ONCE, at some holy time, perhaps 'twas Lent,
An *honest* Ostler to confession went,
And there of sins, a long-extended score,
Of various size and shape, he number'd o'er;
'Till, having clear'd his conscience of the stuff
(For any moderate conscience quite enough),
He ceas'd. "What more?" the rev'rend Fathe cried:
"No more," th' unburthen'd penitent replied.
"But (said the awful priest) yet unreveal'd
"There lurks one darling vice within your thought conceal'd:
"Did you, in all your various modes of cheating
"Ne'er *grease* the *horses teeth* to spoil their eating?'
"Never," said Crop. So then—to cleanse eacl stain,
He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.
Some few months hence, sad stings of conscienc feeling,
Crop at Confessional again was kneeling;
When, lo! at ev'ry step his conscience easing,
Out popp'd a groan, and *horses teeth* and *greasing*
"Sancta Maria!" cried th' astonish'd priest,
"How much your sins have with your days in- creas'd:

" When last I saw you, you denied all this!"
" True," said the Ostler, " very true it is;
" And also true, that, till that blessed time,
" I never, Father, *heard* of such a crime."

DERIVATION OF THE WORD " OSTLER."

THE word Ostler, which now signifies solely an attendant on horses, is derived from the French word *hosteller*, a person who kept a house of entertainment; which houses were denominated Hostels, and by us at this day Hotels—though some persons maintain that the word Ostler is purely English, and only an abridgment of *Oat-stealer*, a name given to those gentry, from their great propensity to defraud those useful quadrupeds, horses, of their fair allowance.

KING WILLIAM (Prince of Orange), on his accession to the throne of England, inserted under his Arms,

NON RAPUI, SED RECEPI;

which being shown to Dean Swift, he sarcastically said, " The receiver's as bad as the thief."

EPIGRAM,

BY DU BELLEY,

ON A DOG WHO KEPT STRICT WATCH AGAINST THIE BUT SUFFERED GALLANTS TO COME UNMOLESTED.

Latratus fures excipi; mutus amantibus;
Sic placui domino; sic placui dominæ.

Which has been thus happily translated in Itali

Latrai a i ladri a gli amanti tacqui,
Cosi a messere e a madona piacqui.

And may be thus rendered in English,

At thieves I bark'd; when lovers came, was mute;
Thus did my master and my mistress suit.

TRUE FELICITY.

Mortal, in this earthly sphere,
Fraught with pride and misery,
Sage of nature, tell me where
I can find felicity?

Would'st thou taste of bliss sincere,
Which all other joys excels,
Pleasure unalloy'd by fear,
Take—*a trip to Bagnigge-Wells.*

PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE.

WHEN Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be rude,
Miss Daphne cried 'Pish!' and ran swift to the wood;
And, sooner than do such a naughty affair,
Became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair!
The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution;
For, sure, to turn tree was an odd resolution:
But in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,
For she fled from his *arms* to distinguish his *brows*.

TAYLOR, commonly called the Water-Poet, kept a public-house on the Surrey side of Blackfriars-bridge; and not choosing to exhibit on his sign any of the anomalies of nature, Red Lions, Blue Boars, &c. he adorned the board with his own head, underneath which he had the following lines painted:

There's many a head stands for a sign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?

ON THE REVERSE.

Though I deserve not, I desire,
The laurel-wreath, the poet's hire.

ON WEDLOCK.

In Marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding sheets, and in a shroud:
How can the marriage-state then be accurst,
Since the *last* day's as happy as the *first*.

ANECDOTE OF M. PIRON.

This gentleman was a debauched as well as a literary character; he wished to become a Member of the French Academy, but was rejected. Mortified at the denial, he wrote the following Epitaph, to be engraved on his tomb:

C'y git Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien.

EPIGRAM.

[martial.]

You ask me, my friend, what lass I'd enjoy?
I'd have one that is neither too coming nor coy:
A medium is best, that gives us no pain
By too much indulgence—nor too much disdain.

EASE OF TEMPER.

Poor Dick, an honest, thoughtless fellow,
Good-natur'd, whether cool or mellow;
No change of fortune Dick can alter,
No want can make his spirits falter:
Blow high, blow low, Dick feels it not,
He's quite at ease, not worth a groat.
What a curst father has poor Dick,
The wretched miser who lies sick!
He calls around his sons, to give
What ne'er should leave him, could he live;
But Death had struck him to the heart,
His ill-got hoards and he must part.
"Imprimis," Gripus says, "to Dan,
"Thou yet hast been a careful man,
"I give—oh!—all my land-estate."
"Dear father!" cries the joyful cheat,
"I hope you'll live, and years enjoy."—
"And you," adds Gripus, "you, my boy,
"My dear son John, to you I leave
"My bills and stock—nay, do not grieve."
"Father, I hope"—and dropp'd some tears—
"I hope you'll live these many years,"
Cries Cant—while Dick expecting stood.
"And you, that ne'er will come to good,"

Says Gripus—" Spendthrift, thou'lt ne'er alter,
" Thou'rt left a shilling for a halter."—
No way disturb'd; says Dick, " I find,
" You are, as usual, very kind;
" Dear Sir, I am no thankless elf,
" Live to enjoy the gift yourself."

THE INCUMBENT.

" I'm glad to see you well."—" Oh! faithless breath,
" What! glad to see me well, and wish my death?"
" No more," replied the youth, " Sir, this misgiving,
" I wish not for your death—but for your *living*."

THE PROGRESS OF MATRIMONY.

In the blythe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
And call'd her dearest kitten.

But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross, like other wives;
Oh! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I think she has nine lives.

*EPIGRAM.

DAMON, whose wisdom ev'ry one allows,
Is anxious Amaryllis to espouse;
Yet she is old, and ugly to excess:
What is't attracts the youth, then; can you guess?
Is it the lustre of her mind bewitches?—
No, the more shining lustre of her riches.

SANG-FROID OF A SPANIARD.

A SPANIARD, who had but one eye, standing in the gallery of a tennis-court, had his remaining eye beat out by a tennis-ball; when, taking off his hat before the company, without any apparent emotion, he only said, "*Buenos noches!*" that is, "Good night!"

A PUN.

JACK DASH, in town a first-rate beau,
Some time ago,
For near a month had never ventur'd out:—
'Twas wise—for Jack was poor, and what bespoke it
Was—that he had no money in his pocket;

And therefore was not quite prepar'd to meet
A friend of his, who slily in the street
To tap him on the shoulder lurk'd about.
A Doctor's wife hard by,
Who much delighted in his company
(For Jack to please the ladies had the skill),
Began to think him ill;—
So sent her servant Thomas to assure him,
That if by fell disease he was assail'd,
And would but tell her freely what he ail'd,
She'd send some draughts that very soon would cure him.—
The message hearing, thus replied young Dash:
Friend Tom, then tell your mistress I will thank her,
As my disorder's only want of cash,
To let the draughts be—on her husband's banker.

EPITAPH ON WEE JOHNNY.

[BURNS.]

WHOE'ER thou art, oh! reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnny;
And here his body lies full low,
For *soul* he ne'er had ony.

LINGUA POTENTIOR ARMIS.

THAT speech surpasses force, is no new whim;
Jove caus'd the heav'ns to tremble—Juno him.

IMITATIONS OF CHAUCER.

[HAWKINS BROWNE.]

RIGHT welle of lerned Clerkis it is sayd,
That womanhood for man his use is made:
But naughtie man liketh not one or soe,
But wisheth aye unthriftilie for moe;
And when, by holy church, to one he's ty'd,
Then for his soul he cannot her abyde:
Thus when a dogge first lighteth on a bone,
His tayle he waggeth, gladde thereof y grown;
But if thilke bone unto his tayle you tie,
Pardie, he feareth it, awaie doth flie.

.....

ANOTHER.

FULL oft doth Mat with Topaz dine,
Eateth bak'd meate, drinketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth:
Now, sure as sainte did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardlye earneth Mat his dinner.

ON A LADY WHO HAD FINE EYES, BUT A BAD VOICE.

LUCETTA's charms our hearts surprise
At once with joy and wonder;
She bears Jove's lightning in her eyes,
But in her voice his thunder.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

ENTOMB'D within this vault a Lawyer lies,
Who, Fame assureth us, was just and wise,
An able advocate, and honest too.
That's wond'rous strange, indeed!—if it be true.

FORTITUDE.

MY sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft tells me—"Billy, I shall die."
I griev'd; but recollected straight,
'Tis bootless to contend with fate.

So resignation to heav'n's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill:
'Twas well I did; for, on my life,
'Twas heaven's will to spare my wife.

THE STOIC.

BRUTUS unmov'd heard how his Portia fell;
Should Jack's wife die—he would behave as well.

DR. JOHNSON'S GHOST AND MRS. PIOZZI.

WHEN this lady published a volume of Dr. Johnson's private and confidential letters, she was supposed to have been actuated more by vanity and interest than a regard to the literary reputation of the Doctor; whose Ghost, offended at the liberty she had taken, is supposed to address her in the following epigrammatic lines:

WHERE Streatham spread its plenteous board,
I open'd learning's valued hoard,
And, as I feasted, pros'd:
Good things I said, good things I eat,
I gave you knowledge for your meat,
And thought th' account was clos'd.

If obligations still I ow'd,
You sold each item to the crowd;
I suffer'd by the tale:
For God's sake, Madam, let me rest,
Nor longer vex your quondam guest—
I'll pay you for your ale.

DRYDEN AND BLACKMORE.

BLACKMORE's poem of Prince Arthur was the subject of much criticism: Dryden was very solicitous to expose its absurdity, and in particular pointed out the following couplet as a genuine bull:

> A coat of mail Prince Vortigern had on,
> Which from a *naked* Pict his grandsire won.

Who does not see, adds Dryden, the absurdity of winning a coat from a naked man? Allied to this species of bull is the following alteration of a school copy, with a view of enforcing more strictly the necessity of diligence—

> Laziness will clothe a man with rags:

which was thus altered by a pedagogue,

> Laziness will *clothe* a man with *nakedness*.

EPIGRAM.

JACK, a true buck, would fain a Rector be,
Games with my Lord, and drinks—sits up till three:
Quit quickly, Jack, this dang'rous mode of thriving;
You'll get your *death*, before you get your *living*.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean was not remarkable for a generous disposition. A farmer, wishing to conciliate him, sent him, by his son, a present of a pig. The boy appeared unwilling to go; alleging, that the Dean never gave him any thing: but being compelled, he presented himself to the Dean, with "Here's a pig, if you'll have it."—"A pig, if I'll have it, boy!" replied the Dean; "where did you learn your manners? Give me the pig, and I'll instruct you to deliver a message." The boy accordingly gave the pig; and the Dean, with great politeness, accosted the boy with "Sir, my father's compliments, and desires your acceptance of a pig." To which the lad very shrewdly replied, "Return my compliments to your father, and tell him I'm obliged to him; and (putting his hand in his pocket) *here's half-a-crown for your trouble in bringing it.*"

ON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS.

[BUDGELL.]

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

LORD ERSKINE AND LADY PAYNE.

THE present Chancellor being taken ill at Lady Payne's, she very obligingly persuaded him to lie down: when return'd, somewhat recovered from his indisposition, he presented her with the following distich:

'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne*.

* *i. e.* pain.

THE MODERN FAIR.

FALSE rumps, false teeth, false hair, false faces;
Alas! poor man! how hard thy case is:
Instead of woman, lovely woman's charms,
To clasp *cork*, *gum*, *wool*, *varnish*, in thy arms.

EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast!
Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast;
He will never turn out, or more heave the lead;
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot a-head:
He always was brisk, and, tho' now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck.

ODE TO THE EIGHT CATS

BELONGING TO

ISRAEL MENDEZ,

A Jew.

SCENE, *Midnight.—The Poet in his Shirt at the Window.*

[PETER PINDAR.]

SINGERS of Israel! Oh ye singers sweet,
Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear
Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
And to the sleepless wretch the night endear!

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks;
Your friskings, crawlings, squalls, I much approve,
Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and Merry-Andrew jumps,
With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How sweetly roll your gooseb'ry eyes,
As loud you tune your am'rous cries,
And loving scratch each other black and blue!
No boys in wantonness now bang your backs;
No curs, no fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax;
But all the moonlight world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel! Ye no parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord;
Ye call the matrimonial service cant—
Like our first parents, take each other's word:
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix—
To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass;
No nurses wet or dry, nor cradle
(Which custom for our Christian babes enjoins)
To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have ye need,
Ye males, before ye seek your bed,
To settle pin-money on Madam:
No fears of cuckoldom, God bless ye!
Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,
Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools ye want, for fine behaving,
No powd'ring, painting, washing, shaving,
No night-caps snug—no trouble in undressing,
Before you seek your strawy nest,
Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,
To feast on luscious love, life's choicest blessing!

Good gods! Ye sweet love-chaunting rams,
How nimble are you with your hams
To mount a house, to scale a chimney top;
And, peeping down that chimney's hole,
Pour in a tuneful cry th' impassion'd tone,
Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up;

Who, sweet obliging creature, far from coy,
Answers your invitation-note with joy;
And, scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope,
Lo! borne on love's all-daring wing,
She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear, mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold;
Singers of Israel sweet, adieu! adieu!
I do suppose you need not now be told
How much I wish that I was one of you.

GRACE SPOKEN AT A MISER'S TABLE.

[BY ROCHESTER.]

THANKS for this miracle! It is no less
Than manna dropping in the wilderness:
Chimnies have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY

KING CHARLES THE SECOND AND THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE SLEEPING,

WHILE DR. SOUTH WAS PREACHING AT WHITEHALL.

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport:
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The Doctor stopp'd, began to call,
" Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale;
" My Lord! why 'tis a monstrous thing,
" You snore so loud—you'll wake the King."

PINNED TO A SHEET,

IN WHICH A WOMAN STOOD TO DO PENANCE IN THE CHURCH.

Here stand I, for whores as great
To cast a scornful eye on;
Should each whore here be doom'd a sheet,
You'd soon want one to lie on.

EPITAPH,

IN GUILDFORD CHURCH-YARD.

READER, pass on, ne'er waste your time
On bad biography, and bitter rhyme;
For what I am this cumb'rous clay insures,
And what I was—is no affair of yours.

. ....

ANOTHER,

IN CURRY CHURCH-YARD, NEAR EDINBURGH,

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

BENEATH these stones lie Mackie's bones;
O Satan! if you take him,
Appoint him tutor to your sons,
And clever de'ils he'll make 'em.

EPITAPH ON LITTLE STEPHEN,

A NOTED FIDDLER, IN SUFFOLK.

STEPHEN and time
Are now both even;
Stephen beat time,
Now time beats Stephen.

ON BEN JONSON'S BUST,

SET UP IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WITH THE BUTTONS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF HIS COAT.

[BY THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY.]

O rare Ben Jonson! What, a turncoat grown!
Thou ne'er wert such till thou wert clad in stone:
When time thy coat, thy only coat, impairs,
Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years;
Then let not this mistake disturb thy sprite,
Another age shall set thy buttons right.

LACONIC EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON THE TOMB OF DR. FULLER, OF OXFORD.

HERE lies Fuller's earth.

WRITTEN ON THE STATUE OF APOLLO, CROWNING MERIT.

MERIT, if thou'rt bless'd with riches,
For God's sake, buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother;
For one good turn deserves another.

THE DEVOTEE.

Old Carlos, wishing for an heir,
To ev'ry Saint preferr'd his pray'r;
And, leaving his fair wife at home,
Resolv'd, a pilgrim, far to roam.
Now zealously, St. James to please,
He pass'd the distant Pyrennees;
Now climb'd the Alps, immers'd in snow,
Before St. Peter's shrine to bow:
Passing the Adriatic sea,
Before our Lady bow'd the knee;
Now traversing the vasty brine,
Visits the holy Palestine;
Now on a camel's back stuck fast,
Arabia's scorching sands he pass'd;
To Sinai's mount his course he bends,
And good St. Catherine's fane ascends:
How did each gracious Saint repay
This long and pious voyage? say:
Why Carlos found—how great his joy!—
His wife safe suckling her *third* boy.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Here lies the body of W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you,

EPITAPH.

OH! *reader*, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Death is a *man*, do all we can,
That never spareth none.

*****

ANOTHER.

HERE lies my wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door-nail—God be thanked!

EPITAPH IN HERTFORD CHURCH-YARD.

WOMAN.

GRIEVE not for me, my husband dear,
I am not dead, but sleepeth here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in a short time you'll come to I.

MAN.

I am not griev'd, my dearest life;
Sleep on, I've got another wife:
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she.

THE LOVER'S LAMENTATION.

[The following admirable Burlesque of the German Pantomimical Tragi-Comedy is extracted from the Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin]

THE ROVERS;

A TRAGEDY.

SCENE, *A prison*—ROGERO *in chains.*

SONG.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
The dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think on those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a handkerchief, with which he wipes his eyes.—Gazing tenderly, he proceeds.*]

Sweet kerchief, chequ'd with heav'nly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in;
Alas! Matilda then was true;
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the conclusion of this stanza he clanks his chains in concert.*]

Barbs, barbs, alas! how swift ye flew,
Her neat post-waggon trotting in;
Ye bore Matilda from my view,
Forlorn I languish'd at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form, this pallid hue,
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many; they were few
When first I enter'd at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, Law Professor, at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
That Kings and Priests are plotting in;
Here doom'd to starve on water-gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

ANECDOTE OF MARGARET DE VALOIS.

This lady, who understood the Latin language, exclaimed, on seeing a poor man reposing on a hay-stack,

Pauper ubique jacet.

To which the man, to her astonishment, replied,

In thalamis hac nocte tuis regina jacerem,
Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.

ON A WHOLE-LENGTH PICTURE OF MR. NASH,

BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND MR. POPE, IN THE ROOMS AT BATH.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD.]

IMMORTAL Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture plac'd the busts between
Gives satire all its strength:
Wisdom and Wit are *little* seen,
But Folly at full *length*.

AN Irish footman, carrying a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited some time for the customary fee; but finding none, he said, "Sir, if my master should say, Paddy, how much did the gentleman give you? What shall I tell him?"

THE AFFECTED PHILOSOPHER.

IF by your beard your wisdom you would show,
Then goats have beards—but Plato was a beau.

DR. WYNTER TO DR. CHEYNE,

ON HIS BOOK OF VEGETABLE DIET.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor, one more prescription try
(A friend's advice forgive),
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die;
Thy patients then may live.

DR. CHEYNE TO DR. WYNTER,

IN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

MY system, Doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis nat'ral you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

EPITAPH ON PRIOR.

[BY HIMSELF.]

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

IMPROMPTU

ON

BERTIE GREATHEED, ESQ. AND HIS TRAGEDY.

CRIES Greatheed, if my meaning few can tell,
My *words*, at least, are such as Shakspeare wrote.
So senseless drunken Steph'no, in his cell,
Leaves Prospero's wand, and steals his old great-coat.

THE MUTUAL VOUCHERS.

CARLOS, you say, writes well: suppose it true;
You pawn your word for him, who'll vouch for you:
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

MARTIAL, EP. 1000.

WHEN in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish, I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd—I was cur'd.

THE SCRIBBLER.

[PRIOR.]

WHILE faster than his costive brain indites
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand:
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;
So he may cease to write, and learn to think.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.

Sir John Trollop, Knt. is said to have had a grave dug for himself many years before his death: by the side of the grave, in the chancel, stood his own figure, in marble, with his right-hand pointing to the chancel (which was built at his own expense), and his left to the grave. On his breast were painted the following lines:

I, Sir John Trollop,
Made these stones roll up:
When God shall take my soul up,
My body shall fill that hole up.

TOM WHARTON

made this happy quotation on snuffing a candle out with his fingers:

Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio.

EPIGRAM.

[by dr. donne.]

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,
"To *sit* or stand!" If he says *true*, he *lies*.

APPROPRIATE QUOTATION.

In a select company, a Gentleman gained applause by quoting the following line on the removal of the table-cloth, the green cloth remaining:

Diffugere nives redeunt jam gramina campus.

A Country 'Squire, who laughed with the rest, but did not understand the point, treasured up the words, and repeated them at his own house, after the servant had removed the cloth: to his surprise, nobody noticed him;—the fact was, there was no green cloth.

ADVERTISEMENT.

John Hopkins, Parish Clerk and Undertaker, makes and sells Epitaphs of all sorts and prices, shaves neat, and plays the bassoon; Teeth drawn, and the Salisbury Journal read *gratis*. A School for Psalmody every Thursday; when my son, born blind, plays on the fiddle.

EPITAPH ON MY WIFE.

My wife ten years, not much to my ease;
But now she's dead, *in cælo quies.*

N. B. Great variety within.

ARCHBISHOP KING AND DR. HALLEY.

With age exhausted, and his vigour fled,
Says King to Halley, "I've a mind to wed:"
Arch Halley answer'd, with sarcastic face,
"I hope you'll make me *chaplain* to your Grace."

EPITAPH.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

Careless and thoughtless all my life,
Stranger to every source of strife,
And deeming each grave sage a fool,
The law of Nature was my rule;
By which I duly learnt to measure
My portion of desire and pleasure.
'Tis strange that here I lie, you see;
For Death must have indulg'd a whim
At any time to have thought of me,
Who never once did think of him.

ON A LADY'S WRITING HER RESOLUTION OF NOT MARRYING ON GLASS.

The fair one who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, because it should be broke.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten pieces:—"Frank," says I,
"Hast any paper? 'tis but fair
You take my note." Quoth Frank, "Hold there—
Since to the cash I've bid adieu,
No need to waste my paper too."

ON KING CHARLES THE SECOND'S MARRIAGE.

[BY ROCHESTER.]

HERE's a health to Kate,
Our Sov'reign's mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
But the devil take Hyde,
And the bishop beside,
That made her bone of his bone.

EPIGRAM.

"THIS rain," says Dick, "will raise the corn
And every thing to life:"
"No, God forbid!" cries Ralph; "you know
I lately lost my wife."

EPITAPH,

ON A GLUTTON.

HERE lies a famous belly-slave,
Whose mouth was wider than his grave:
Reader, tread lightly o'er his sod;
For, should he gape—you're gone, by G—d.

....

ANOTHER,

ON A MISER.

HERE Mr. —— in death doth sleep;
To hell, if he's gone thither,
Satan, give him thy gear to keep,
He'll hold it well together.

....

ANOTHER,

AT SEVENOAKS, KENT.

GRIM Death took me without any warning,
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.

THE FATE OF POETRY.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

EPITAPH,

ON AN IRISH CHAIRMAN.

WEEP, Irish lads, all true and fair men;
Here rests the leader of the Chairmen:
In fame you'll never see his brother,
It reach'd from one *pole* to the other;
And would you know him when an angel fair,
You've nothing more to do than call Chair! Chair!

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. 19.

MY cause concerns nor battery nor treason,
I sue my neighbour for this only reason,
That late three sheep of mine to pound he drove;
This is the point the Court would have you prove.
Concerning Magna Charta you run on,
And all the perjuries of old King John!
Then of the Edwards and Black Prince you rant,
And talk of John o' Stiles and John o' Gaunt;
With voice and hand a mighty pother keep—
Now, pray, dear Sir, one word about the sheep.

EPIGRAM.

VARIOUS religions various tenets hold,
But all one God acknowledge—namely, gold.

KILKENNY CATS.

In a company, consisting of naval officers, the discourse happened to turn on the ferocity of small animals; when an Irish gentleman present stated his opinion to be, that a Kilkenny cat, of all animals, was the most ferocious; and added, "I can prove my assertion by a fact within my own knowledge: I once," said he, "saw two of these animals fighting in a timber-yard; and, willing to see the result of a long battle, I drove them into a deep saw-pit, and, placing some boards over the mouth, left them to their amusement. Next morning, I went to see the conclusion of the fight; and what d'ye think I saw?"—"One of the cats dead, probably," replied one of the company.—"No, by Ja—s, there was nothing left in the pit *but the two tails and a bit of flue.*"

ON THE DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

"Not for the Stage their plays are fit,
But for the closet," says a wit.
The closet, friend! you joke, I ween;
The *water-closet* 'tis you mean.

EPIGRAM.

A DRUNKEN old Scot, by the rigorous sentence
Of Kirk, was condemn'd to the stool of repentance;
Mess John to his conscience his vices lac'd home,
And his danger in this and the world that's to come:
"Thou reprobate mortal! why didst thou not know
Where, after you're dead, all you drunkards must go?"
"Must go, when we're dead! why, Sir, you may swear,
We shall go, one and all, where we find the best beer."

ON TWO MILLERS,

WHO MONOPOLIZED CORN AT MANCHESTER.

Two brothers thin, call'd Bone and Skin,
Half-starv'd the town, or near it;
But be it known, to Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

TO RICHARD GOUGH, ESQ. F.A.S.

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new:
All ugly, old, odd things, I leave to you.

THE MONK AND JEW.

A TALE.

To make new converts truly blest,
A Recipe—*probatum est.*
Stern Winter, clad in frost and snow,
Had now forbid the streams to flow;
And skaited peasants swiftly glide,
Like swallows, o'er the slippery tide;
When Mordecai (upon whose face
The synagogue you plain might trace)
Fortune with smiles deceitful bore
To a curs'd hole but late skinn'd o'er:
Down plumps the Jew; but, in a trice,
Rising, he caught the friendly ice:
He gasp'd, he yell'd a hideous cry:
No friendly help, alas! was nigh,
Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran
To snatch from death the drowning man:
But when the holy Father saw
A limb of the Mosaic law,
His outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew.
"For heav'n's sake, help!" exclaims the Jew.
"Turn Christian first," the Father cries.
"I'm froze to death," the Jew replies.

"Froze!" quoth the Monk; "too soon you'll know
There's fire enough for Jews below:
Renounce your unbelieving crew,
And help is near"—"I do, I do!"
"Damn all your brethren, great and small"—
"With all my heart; oh, damn 'em all!
Now help me out!"—"There's one thing more;
Salute this cross, and Christ adore!"
"There, there! I Christ adore!"—"'Tis well;
Thus arm'd, defiance bid to hell.
And yet another thing remains,
To guard against eternal pains;
Do you our Papal Father hold
Heav'n's Vicar, and believe all told
By holy Church?"—"I do, by G—d!
One moment more, I'm food for cod!
Drag, drag me out; I freeze, I die!"—
"Your peace, my friend, is made on high:
Full absolution here I give;
Saint Peter will your soul receive.
Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriven,
New converts always go to heaven;
No hour for death so fit as this:
Thus, thus I launch you into bliss!"
So said—the Father in a trice
His convert launch'd beneath the ice.

ON

A PRELATE GOING OUT OF CHURCH,

TO WAIT ON THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Lord P—— in the church, could you think i
kneel'd down,
When told that the Duke was just come to town,
His station deserting, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace:
To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his Lordship's promc
tion.

EPIGRAM.

Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:
Strange! that such diff'rence should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

PLAIN DEALING.

My verses oft displease you—what's the matter!
You love not to hear truth, nor I to flatter.

EPIGRAM.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool;
But you yourself will serve to show it,
That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

ON WOMAN.

[FARQUHAR.]

NATURE's chief gifts unequally are carv'd;
They surfeit some, whilst many more are starv'd:
Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
Was common good, is now made private store:
Nothing that's good we have among us common,
But all enjoy that common ill—a woman.

POSTSCRIPT.

[CUNNINGHAM.]

WOULD honest Tom G—d get rid of a scold,
The torment and plague of his life,
Pray tell him to take down his Lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

EPITAPH,

ON AN OLD PEDLAR,

WHO WAS FOUND DEAD ON THE HIGHWAY.

JOHN SHERRY lies here, whose fixed abode
Was no where before, for he liv'd on the road;
And when grown in age, scarce able to creep,
He there laid him down, and fell fast asleep:
But some of his friends soon found his mishap,
And hither remov'd him to take out his nap.

ON

MR. NEWCOMEN, OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

WEEP, ye Clarenses, weep all about;
For *New-come-in* is now gone out:
Weep not, Clarenses, weep not at all;
He's gone but from *Clare* to *Trinity* Hall.

EXPOSTULATION.

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so deaf to my pray'rs?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?

EPITAPH,

ON THOMAS HUDDLESTONE.

HERE lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, don't smile,
But reflect, as this tomb-stone you view,
That Death, who kill'd him, in a very short time
Will *huddle* a *stone* upon you.

* * * * * *

ANOTHER,

IN CAMBRIDGE CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies father, and mother, and sister, and I;
We all died in the space of one short year:
All be buried at Wimple, in this county,
Except I, and I be buried here.

EPIGRAM.

As a West-country Mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen Bess,
"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate spleen,
Has presum'd to attack you, a poor maiden Queen;
But your Majesty's courage soon made it appear,
That the Don had ta'en the wrong sow by the ear."

THE HUSBAND'S CHOICE.

Dick's wife was sick, and pos'd the Doctors' skill,
Who differ'd how to cure th' invet'rate ill:
Purging the one prescrib'd. "No," quoth the other,
"That will do neither good nor harm, dear brother;

"*Bleeding*'s the only thing." 'Twas quick reply'd,
"That's certain *death*: but, since we differ wide,
'Tis fit the husband choose by whom t' abide."
"I'se no great skill," cries Richard, "by the rood,
But I'se think *bleeding*'s like to do most good."

ON A DISPUTE BETWEEN DR. RADCLIFFE AND SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Sir Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden, and each had a key:
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
"Your threats," replied Radcliffe, "disturb not my ease;
And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please."
"You're smart," rejoins Kneller; "but, say what you will,
I'll take any thing from you—but potion or pill."

ANECDOTE OF THE MILBANK FAMILY.

Lady Dorothy Milbank was the favourite of Mary Queen of Scots, but got into disgrace on the affair of the murder of David Rizzio, in which her husband was concerned. She soon afterwards fled, and was so reduced as to be obliged to sell gingerbread; by which, and the additional bounty of her friends, she saved £800, with which she purchased the Halnaby estate, in Yorkshire, now in the Milbank family; and with the proceeds of the rent (for she lived sparingly to the age of 83) she purchased the estates in Durham and Northumberland, the rental of which, in the year 1805, was upwards of £12,000 per annum.

EPIGRAM.

Phœbus and Ned are like two buckets grown;
Always when one is up, the other's down.

INSCRIPTION AT A WIG-MAKER'S.

If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair,
He'd never been found a hanging there.

MARRIAGE THE END OF LIFE.

Tom prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself to Kate
In union so divine:
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cry'd;
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sigh'd;
"'Twill be the end of mine."

EPIGRAM.

By our Parson perplex'd,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the text;
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

THE CITY ORATORS.

To wonder now at Balaam's ass is weak;
Is there a day that asses do not speak?

EPITAPH.

The wedding-day appointed was,
The wedding-clothes provided;
But, ere that day did come, alas!
He sicken'd, and he die did.

ON

A REGIMENT SENT TO OXFORD, AND A PRESENT OF BOOKS TO CAMBRIDGE, BY K. GEORGE I.

[BY DR. TRAPP.]

THE King observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a Regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:
To the other he sent Books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

* * * *

ANSWERED BY SIR WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Job was afflicted with loss of his wealth,
The Devil contriv'd to embitter his life;
He destroy'd all his children, and robb'd him of health,
And, to complete his affliction, he left him *his wife*.

EPIGRAM.

HODGE sigh'd and sobb'd three months or more,
When bouncing Susan came to town;
He follow'd after ere 'twas four,
And purchas'd her for half-a-crown.

THE HOLIDAY.

JOHN will not work, and Nell puts on her pinners:
The ancient saints make many modern sinners.

EPITAPH.

HERE is my much-lov'd Celia laid,
At rest from all her worldly labours:
Glory to God! Peace to the dead,
And to the ears of all her neighbours!

ANECDOTE OF TOM BROWN.

TOM BROWN, of whimsical memory, relates a story of a man who had a bad memory, and in order to obviate that inconvenience he bought a memorandum-book, but could never remember that he had one.

ELECTION ANECDOTE.

When the Parliament was chang'd from a triennial to a septennial one, a Member who had voted for the latter, on a dissolution, waited on a quaker to solicit his vote. "I will not vote for thee," said Aminadab; "thou hast proved thyself an unworthy servant: I sent thee on an errand for *three* years, and verily thou hast staid *seven*."

EPITAPH,

IN PORTLAND CHURCH-YARD.

Ah, cruel Death! alas, thou hast me hurl'd
Out of this evil to a better world,
Where neither sin nor sorrow never shall
Vex or perplex us: oh! that's best of all.

TO MISS A——.

Cupid of old, as fables show,
Had only one string to his bow,
With which his shafts could shoot ye;
But when Amelia speaks and smiles,
With two she bends his bow, and kills
With wit as well as beauty.

MOTTO OF THE MARQUIS OF THOMOND.

THE Marquis's motto is "*Vigueur de dessus;*" namely, "Strength is from above:" but it has been waggishly translated "Vigour to get uppermost."

ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

DE MARGUERITE ET CATIN.

Marguerite a la dent fort noire,
Catin l'a blanche comme ivoire;
D'où vient telle diversité?
Catin a la sienne acheté.

*IMITATED.

Mary's teeth of sable dye,
But Sally's white as ivory;
Whence comes the diff'rence, pray?
Why, Moll has had hers many a year,
Sall *bought* hers t'other day.

A PRAYER FOR RAIN.

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,
" Have mercy, Heav'n," the Parson cries,
" And on our sun-burnt thirsty plains
Thy blessing send in genial rains!"
The sermon ended, and the pray'rs,
The Parson to be gone prepares;
When, with a look of brighten'd smiles,
" Thank Heav'n, it rains," cries Farmer Giles.
" Rains!" quoth the Parson; " sure, you joke:
Rains! Heav'n forbid! I've got no cloak."

ANECDOTE OF DR. PITCAIRN.

Dr. Pitcairn, when at Edinburgh, in order to affront a Dutch University, where himself had been graduated, and where degrees had been much prostituted, sent for a diploma for his valet; and, having obtained it, sent for another for his *horse:* to which last request the Rector Magnificus replied, " That, with a view to oblige him, they had consulted their records for precedents, but could not find one; though, under the name of *Pitcairn*, it appeared that the University had once conferred an honorary degree on an *ass*."

EPITAPH ON A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

HERE we lies, and takes our rest,
Till Christ our Lord does call;
Then we shall rise from death to life,
And die no more at all.

* * * * * *

ANOTHER.

HERE lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Prichard;
They liv'd without strife:
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They nor care had nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

[BY ROCHESTER.]

BEHOLD a witty, foolish King,
Whose faith no man relies on!
Who never *said* a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a *wise* one.

ON A WAITER AND HIS FELLOW-SERVANT,

FORMERLY AT ARTHUR'S,

BOTH AFTERWARDS MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, AND THE LAST A NABOB.

WHEN Bob Macr-th, with upper-servant's pride,
" Here, sirrah, clean my boots," to Rumb--d cry'd,
He humbly answer'd, " Yea, Bob :"
But since return'd from India's plunder'd land,
The purse-proud Rumb--d now, on such command,
Would boldly answer, " Nay, Bob."

EPITAPH,

IN BISHOPS-CANNINGS CHURCH-YARD, WILTS.

AT my right-hand lies my son John,
As we did lay in bed ;
And here do lay till Christ do say,
Come out, ye dead.

* * * *

ANOTHER,

IN STEPNEY.

HERE lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfields weaver, and that's all.

SUBSTANCE OF A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN THE HON. HENRY ERSKINE AND THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

"WHY don't your Grace," said Erskine, "still reside
With us in George's-Square, our joy and pride?
Won't you return?"—"No, no," reply'd her Grace,
"I do not like it—'tis a vile dull place."
"That is," quoth he, "as if the Sun should say,
'A vile dark morning this—I will not rise to-day."

POPE'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

HEROES and Kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ON THE ARMS OF THE SOCIETIES OF THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE.

YOUR clients speciously you've plied,
But time will soon impress 'em:
The *horse* denotes you mean to ride,
The *lamb* you mean to fleece 'em.

ON A PARISH CLERK.

[LORD ROCHESTER.]

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,
And they translated David's psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By Jove 'twou'd have made him mad.

EPITAPH,

IN ROCHESTER CHURCH-YARD.

THOUGH young she was,
Her youth could not withstand,
Nor her protect from Death's
Impartial hand:
Life is a cobweb, be we e'er so gay;
And Death a broom,
That sweeps us all away.

A PUN.

A PROCTOR once asked a fellow why his old stockings were like dead men? "Because," replied the fellow, "they are *men-ded.*"

ON MRS. THRALE'S MARRIAGE WITH PIOZZI, THE ITALIAN MUSICIAN.

When Dr. Johnson was first told of this marriage, he was highly offended with Mrs. Thrale, and exclaimed, "If this be true, she never was *Thrale's entire:*" which probably occasioned the following

EPIGRAMS.

QUESTION.

Whether 'twas love of fame, or love of ale,
The wife obtain'd th' entire by marrying Thrale;
But when a second husband fann'd the fire,
Say, did th' Italian nuptials give th' entire?

ANSWER.

The wife gave her hand at the altar to Thrale
For something she lov'd, and it might be good ale;
Then married a second, with wishes not fewer,
Who wanted that something possess'd by the brewer.
The answer is this to the question you put,
She found one *entire*, and the other *all but.*

ON A BAD FIDDLER.

Old Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd Old Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

CURIOUS EPITAPH,

IN EDMINGTON CHURCH-YARD, ESSEX.

Hic jacet Newberry dill,
Vitam finivit cum cohice pill.
Quis administravit?
Bellamy Su.
Quantum quantitat?
Nescio. Scisne tu?
Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

ANECDOTE OF AUGUSTUS.

[FROM MACROBIUS'S SATURNALIA.]

A MILITARY man having vaunted before Augustus of having received a wound in the face, Augustus said to him, "Now this is your own fault; when you run away, you should never look behind."

EPIGRAM.

I LOV'D thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow:
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

MARTIAL, Lib. IX. Ep. 82.

My works the reader and the hearer praise;
They're incorrect, a brother poet says:
But let him rail; for, when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

EPGIRAM.

A vet'ran gambler, in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought:
There many a hint, pathetically grave,
On life's precarious chance the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudg'd old Cogdie, reas'ning as he went:
"Strict truth," says he, "this rev'rend sage declar'd,
I feel conviction, and will be prepar'd;
Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus slides away,
Give credit for a *bet* beyond a day.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG,
PRESENTED BY MR. POPE TO THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

I am his Highness' dog, at Kew:
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

THE FAIR MILLINER.

Oh! what bosom but must yield,
When like Pallas you advance,
With a thimble for your shield,
And a needle for your lance!
Fairest of the stitching train,
Ease my passion by your art;
And, in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

EPITAPH ON MR. PITT.

Here lies a Pitt within this Pit,
Who from a Pitt was brought;
Reader, take warning by this Pitt,
Lest by a Pit you're caught.

EPIGRAM,

ON SIR JOHN HILL, THE PHYSICIAN, AND WRITER OF FARCES.

[Garrick.]

For Physic and Farces
His equal there scarce is;
For his Farces are Physic,
And his Physic a Farce is.

ANECDOTE OF A NABOB.

AMONG the tombs in Westminster-Abbey is one to the memory of a certain Nabob, who had gained a considerable fortune in the East by dishonourable means: his ambition and wealth procured him a first-rate monument in that repository of deceased worth. It describes the destruction of the world at the last day. The defunct is represented as rising from the grave, and opening a curtain to see what's the matter. Some of the Westminster boys, knowing the character of the deceased, wrote upon the figure,

Lie still, if you're wise;
You'll be d—n'd, if you rise.

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE FRENCH.

[BY SWIFT.]

WHO can believe, with common sense,
A bacon-slice gives God offence?
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty anger to disarm?
Wrapp'd up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

COPY OF A LETTER

FROM A LAMPLIGHTER OF ONE OF THE THEATRES TO THE TREASURER.

SIR,

I am mutch has usul, so ples to send the munny by the bear, who is my whiff; and I setts upon thrones till she cum back.

Your umbel Sarvt.

J. Thomas.

ON A LADY'S WEDDING BEING ON THE TWENTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

RETURN'D from the Op'ra, as lately I sat
Indiff'rently chatting of this and of that,
My Chloe I ask'd, how it came in her head
To fix on St. Thomas of all days to wed?
To which she replied, with reason the strongest,
"Tho' shortest the day is—the *night*, Sir, is longest."

EPIGRAM.

YOU say, "Without reward or fee,
The Doctor cur'd me of a dang'rous ill:"
I say, "He never did prescribe for me:
The reason's very plain—I'm living still."

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

[PETER PINDAR.]

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse*,
The Priest had order'd *peas* into their shoes.

A nostrum famous, in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes;
A sort of Apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The rogues set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as tho' he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul white-wash'd, all so clever;
Then home again he quickly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bended knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

" How now," the light-toed, white-wash'd pilgrim broke,
" You lazy lubber!"
" Ods curse it!" cries the other, " 'tis no *joke*—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as *blubber*.

" Excuse me, Virgin Mary, if I swear—
As for Loretto, I shall ne'er get there;
No! to the Dev'l my sinful soul must go;
For dam'me if I ha'n't lost ev'ry toe!

" But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain?
What pow'r has work'd a wonder for *your* toes;

While I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that you can like a *greyhound go*,
Merry as if that nought had happen'd? burn ye!"
"Why," cry'd the other, grinning, "you must know,
That, just before I ventur'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to *boil my* peas."

EPITAPH,

IN WINCHESTER CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies a valiant grenadier,
Who died by drinking *cold* small beer!
Comrades, be warn'd by his untimely fall,
And, when you're hot, drink strong, or none at all:
The valiant soldier never is forgot,
Whether he dies by musket or by pot.

....

ANOTHER,

ON AN EPICURE.

"FLESH is but grass," the Scripture says—'tis true;
But trust me, worms, I'm more than grass to you.

ON STEALING SOME CANDLES.

LIGHT-finger'd Jack, to keep his hand in ure,
Stole any thing; of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own which once he handles;
For practice sake, once stole a pound of candles:
Was taken in the fact. O foolish wight!
To steal such things as needs must come to light.

EPIGRAM.

A MISER buried in a box
A hoarded bag of gold,
And wrote thereon, *Hic Deus est*,
To parry off the bold.
A merry wight, who thither past,
Remov'd the treasure soon;
Wrote *Resurrexit, non hic est*,
Your God is rose, and gone.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Trott in coach his foot first set,
He blush'd, and back a step reclin'd;
For Trott himself could not forget
How many years he rode *behind*.

DEATH AND THE COBLER.

DEATH at a Cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand:
At last came Death, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the *sole* from off the *upper leather*.
Death put a trick upon him; and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for his *awl*, Death brought his *last*.

EPIGRAM.

QUOTH Ned to his neighbours, as onward they press'd,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest,
"Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure;
For why should we thus make a toil of our pleasure?"

EPITAPH,

ON THE GRAVE-STONE OF AN ATTORNEY,

IN ST. PANCRAS CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lieth one, deny it if you can,
Who, though a lawyer, was an honest man:
The gates of heav'n to him are open wide,
But shut, alas! to all the tribe beside.

THE POWER OF TIME.

" If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountasns sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry;
When my old cassock," says a Welsh divine,
" Is out at elbows, why should I repine?"

EPIGRAM.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confess'd
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

THE LOYAL PAIR.

" I'll list for a soldier," says Robin to Sue,
" To avoid these eternal disputes:"
" Aye, aye," cries the termagant, " do, Robin, do!
And I'll raise, the meanwhile, fresh recruits."

EPITAPH,

IN BUCKINGHAM CHURCH-YARD.

O CRUEL Death! how could you be so unkind
As to take *he* before, and leave *me* behind!
You should have taken both of us, if either;
Which would have been more agreeable to *the survivor*.

....

ANOTHER,

BY ROBERT KEMP,

ON HIS AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

WHETHER in the other world she'll
Know her brother *John*,
Or scrape acquaintance with
Her sister *Soame*,
Is not for me to inquire:
But this I know—
She once was mine;
And now
To thee, O Lord, I her resign.
And am your humble servant,
ROBT. KEMP.

AN IDEA ON A PECK OF COALS.

I buy my coals by pecks, that we
May have them fresh and fresh, d'ye see.

THE DECANTER.

Oh thou, that high thy head doth bear,
With round smooth neck, and single ear;
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence!
'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the Nine!
That mirth and soft delight canst move,
Sacred to Venus and to Love!
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;
Thour't full of wine when thirsty I,
And when I'm drunk then thou art dry.

EPIGRAM.

[prior.]

To John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation—
Sure John and I are more than quit.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Reader, beware immod'rate love of pelf;
Here lies the worst of thieves, who robb'd himself.

MARTIAL, Lib. VI. Ep. 8.

Welsh judges two, four military men,
Seven noisy lawyers, Oxford scholars ten,
Were of an old man's daughter in pursuit:
Soon the curmudgeon ended the dispute,
And gave his daughter to a thriving grocer.
What think you? Did he play the fool or no, Sir?

SATIRE ON WEDLOCK.

No more, O Rome, thy wrong belief defend;
No more for seven sacraments contend:
Each wedded wretch can readily confute
Thy boasted arguments in this dispute;
For all, by sad experience taught, proclaim
Penance and matrimony to be the same.

TO A LADY WHO OBJECTED TO THE QUAKERS' BILL.

At Quakers, dear Clorinda, why so wrath?
Just the same principles direct you both,
Just the same practice (and you'll ne'er forsake it),
Never to give the thing, but let us take it.

EPITAPH,

IN GLASGOW CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies Mess Andrew Gray,
Of whom ne muckle gude can I say:
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne spirit;
He was ne Papist, for he had ne merit;
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine;
He was ne Jew, for he ate muckle swine:
Full forty years he preach'd and lied,
For which God d—n'd him when he died.

.....

ANOTHER,

AT DUNDALK.

HERE lies the body of Thomas Moore,
What signifies more words?
Who kill'd himself by eating curds:
But if he'd been rul'd by Sarah his wife,
He might have liv'd all the days of his life.

.....

ANOTHER,

IN EDWALTON CHURCH-YARD, NOTTINGHAM.

SHE drank good ale, good punch, and wine,
And liv'd to the age of ninety-nine.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOILEAU.

[POPE.]

ONCE, says an author (where I need not say),
Two travellers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the debate grew strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass'd along;
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause:
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
"There take (says Justice) take ye each a shell:
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu!"

EPIGRAM.

SAID buxom Joan to husband Dick,
"If man and wife one creature be,
To cuckold you's a loving trick,
Since you the pleasure share with me."
"You're right," said Dick, and twig of tree
About her sides with vigour flew;
"Since you the *pleasure* share with me,
I'll kindly share the *pain* with you."

SUSANNAH AND THE TWO ELDERS.

[COBB.]

WHEN fair Susannah, in a cool retreat
Of shady arbours, shunn'd the sultry heat,
Two wanton lechers to her garden came,
And rushing, furious, seiz'd the trembling dame:
What female strength could do, her arms perform,
And guarded well the fort against the storm.
The story's ancient; and (if rightly told)
Young was the lady, but the lovers old.
Had the reverse been true! had authors sung
How that the dame was old, the lovers young;
If she had then the blooming pair deny'd,
With tempting youth and vigour on their side,
Lord! how the story would have shock'd my creed?
For that had been a miracle indeed!

EPIGRAM.

Quoth Dick to Jack, with phiz full meek and mild,
" Dear friend, *'tween you and me*, my wife's with child."
Quoth Jack to Dick, " Dear friend, that's not so clear,
I'm sure I have not lain with her *this year!*"

ART ABOVE NATURE.

[PETER PINDAR.]

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
I've said it often, and repeat it—
She doth not understand her trade—
Artists, ne'er mind her work; I hope you'll beat it.

Look, now, for heav'n's sake, at her skies!
What are they? Smoke for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold, they rise,
Made by some sweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes;
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums—
Then tell me, Decency, I must request,
Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty beast?

Paint by the yard—your canvas spread
Broad as the main-sail of a man-of-war—
Your whale shall swallow up each other head,
Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star.

I do assure you, bulk is no bad trick—
By bulky things both men and maids are taken;
Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your pictures look as red as bacon.

All folks love size, believe my rhyme;
Burke says 'tis part of the sublime.
A Dutchman—I forget his name—Van Grout,
Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab;
No matter, though I cannot make it out—
At calling names I never was a dab—
This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus like a burgomaster spoke with judgment vast

"No poet like my broder step de ground;
He be de bestest poet, look!
Dat all de vorld must please;
Vor he heb write von book,
So big as all dis cheese!"

If at a distance you would paint a pig,
Make out each single bristle on his back;
Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
Let not the caxon a distinctness lack;
Else all the lady critics will so stare,
And angry vow "'Tis not a bit like hair!"
Be smooth as glass—like Denner, finish high;
Then every tongue commends—
For people judge not only by the eye,
But feel your merit by their finger ends:
Nay, closely nosing o'er the picture dwell,
As if to try the goodness by the smell.

Claude's distances are too confus'd—
One floating scene—nothing made out—
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil whose amazing style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile:
And to my view eyes, legs, and claws, will bring,
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike; for Nature's wild—
Fond of variety—a wayward child—
To blame your taste some blockheads may presume;
But mind that every one be like a broom.

Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.
Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applause—why, paint her like a shilling:
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a guinea or a Jo.
In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,
Convert, like Midas, every thing to gold.

I see at excellence you'll come at last—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blues on china mugs are now surpass'd,
Your sun-sets yield not to brick walls nor buff.

In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she, ere long, will come and copy you.

ANECDOTE OF LIEUTENANT FORBES.

Lieut. Forbes, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, having, as he imagined, made some improvement in the construction of mortars, caused one to be made according to his own ideas; but, upon several trials, it was found not to answer the expectation formed of it; consequently, the Board of Ordnance refused to pay for it: whereupon the Lieutenant had the following distich engraved on it:

Johannes Forbes, Aberdeeniensis,
Made this mortar at his own expenses.

EPIGRAM.

Pragmaticus the prater often says,
"Truth can't be found in these degen'rate days:"
And, that th' assertion you may not deny,
Pragmaticus himself is prone to lie.

THE PENANCE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF ROUSSEAU.]

A YOUTH to his Confessor went,
His absolution to obtain,
And undergo the punishment
The holy Father should ordain.

" Father," says he, " six times I've been
By carnal passion led astray."—
" Six times! oh fie, so oft to sin;
A rosary for your penance say."

Another came, and he confess'd
That he nine times had done so too;
His penance with his guilt increas'd,
A rosary and a half his due.

But puzzling more than all the rest
Was the last penitent that came;
For he eleven times confess'd
He'd play'd at that same carnal game.

" Eleven times! vile wretch! By Heaven
I've no such number on my roll;
Do it once more, to make it even,
Then say two rosaries for the whole."

FAMILIAR VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUNSLOW ACADEMY.

[BY THE LATE SIR CECIL WRAY.]

TAKE notice, roguelings; I prohibit
Your walking underneath that gibbet:
Have you not heard, my little ones,
Of *Raw-head and of Bloody-bones*?
How do you know but that there fellow
May step down quick, and you up swallow?

.....

ON HIS LADY POWDERING HER HAIR.

[BY THE SAME.]

YOUR locks, I trow, fair maid,
Don't never want this aid;
Therefore your powder spare,
And only comb your hair.

ON ONE MUNDAY, WHO HANGED HIMSELF.

SACRED be the Sabbath! fie on filthy pelf;
Tuesday begins the week, Munday has hang'd himself.

SAPPHICS,

IN IMITATION OF

SOUTHEY's.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

" NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order,
Bleak blows the blast;—Your hat has got a hole in it,
So have your breeches!

" Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives and 'Scissars to grind O!'

" Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'Squire? or Parson of the parish?
Or the Attorney?

" Was it the 'Squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous Parson for his tythes distraining?
Or roguish Lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a law-suit?

" (Have not you read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-lids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

" Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir,
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

" Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks, for a vagrant.

" I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

" I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—'d first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
spiritless outcast!"

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

REPARTEE.

Loud bray'd an ass.—Quoth Kate, " My dear!"
To spouse, in jeering carriage,
" One of your relatives I hear."
" Yes, love," says he, " *by marriage.*"

THE TEST OF MERIT.

" Is this the man * so fam'd for wit?"
Cries Buffo, fam'd for wanting it;
" This little man, so thin and queer?—
Who'd take his Lordship for a Peer?
His eyes, indeed, have something sprightly;
But, sure, his person's far from sightly:
They praise his speeches and his jokes;
He looks and talks like other folks."
Thus Buffo, puff'd with pride and fat,
Still vents his spleen in frothy chat;
More vers'd in butchers' meat than books,
Inquires how fat or lean one looks;
And sagely, by mechanic rules,
Deems men philosophers or fools:
His balance rais'd with air profound,
He weighs your *merit*—by the pound.

* The Earl of Chesterfield.

*EPIGRAM.

SAY, why does Kate her charms conceal?
Why not withdraw that flowing veil
That envious decks her bonnet?
Why?—Though dress'd out in gaudy clothes,
She has no beauty to disclose:
'Tis so—depend upon it.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. 41.

YES, I submit: my Lord, you've gain'd your end;
I'm now your slave—that would have been your friend:
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove—
Respect—adore you—every thing but love.

EPITAPH

ON W. ELDERTON,

THE RED-NOSED BALLAD-MAKER,

[FROM CAMDEN.]

DEAD drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

FOUR DAYS MISERY.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

LAST Sunday night, I lost my steed;
Eclipse was not of better breed:
Last Monday night, I lost my cousin;
Not one is left me of a dozen:
Last Tuesday night, I lost my wife,
The joy, the honour of my life:
Last Wednesday night, I lost my friend;
My sorrows, sure, will never end:
Can any have *misfortunes* worse?
I'm really *sorry* for—my *horse!*

EPIGRAM.

WE men have many faults,
Poor women have but two:—
There's nothing good they say,
There's nothing good they do.

....

ANOTHER.

WHEN Carlos 'tempted to be free,
Flavilla cried, "My chastity!
Know all but virgins are my foes!"
She said no more—off dropp'd her nose.

EPITAPH FOR DR. JOHNSON.

[SOAME JENYNS.]

HERE lies poor Johnson; reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping *bear:*
Religious, moral, gen'rous, and humane,
He was—but self-sufficient, rude, and vain:
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute;
A scholar, and a Christian—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,
Boswell and *Thrale*, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he *wrote*, and *talk'd*, and *cough'd* and *spit*.

ON BLOOD'S STEALING THE CROWN.

[MARVEL.]

WHEN daring Blood, his rent to have regain'd,
Upon the English diadem distrain'd,
He chose the cassock, surcingle, and gown,
The fittest mask for one who robs a crown:
But his lay pity underneath prevail'd,
And while he sav'd the Keeper's life he fail'd:
With the priest's vestments had he but on
The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

EPIGRAM.

[POPE.]

My Lord complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopp'd three trees, the value of three farthings:
"But he's my neighbour," cries the Peer polite,
"And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right."
What, on compulsion! and against my will,
A Lord's acquaintance!—let him file his bill.

EPITAPH

ON JOHN TROTT, A BAILIFF.

Here lies John Trott, by trade a Bum;
When he died, the Devil cried,
Come, *John*, come.

.....

ANOTHER,

IN A CHURCH-YARD, IN WILTS.

Beneath this stone lies our dear child, who's gone from we,
For evermore, unto eternity;
Where us do hope, that we shall go to he,
But him can ne'er go back again to we.

EPIGRAM.

[PRIOR.]

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

THE MAN OF CONSEQUENCE.

A BROW austere, a circumspective eye,
A frequent shrug of the *os humeri*,
A nod significant, a stately gait,
A blust'ring manner, and a tone of weight,
A smile sarcastic, an expressive stare—
Adapt all these, as time and place will bear,
Then rest assur'd, that those of little sense
Will deem you sure—*a man of consequence.*

EPIGRAM.

[FROM BUCHANAN.]

THOU speakest always ill of me;
I speak always well of thee:
But, spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

[FROM THE GREEK OF RUFINUS.]

THREE lovely nymphs, contending for a prize,
Display'd their charms before my critic eyes;
Superior beauties heighten'd ev'ry grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race:
But I, who, bless'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH this friendly stone is laid
A spirit none could e'er subdue;
The task was oft in vain essay'd,
It never fear'd what man could do.

At length, kind Death has laid it here,
To ease a haunted husband's pain;
Who bade this massy tomb appear,
That it might never rise again.

WRITTEN IN A LEAF OF DR. CLARKE'S WORKS.

THY writings are eternal, O my friend;
For he who reads them does it to no end.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

[PRIOR.]

HELEN had just slipp'd into bed,
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was soundly rated;
And Madam, getting up again,
With her own hands the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow;
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

EPIGRAM.

YOUNG Strephon, ravish'd by a smile
From Sylvia, in a public place,
Exclaim'd, in true theatric style,
"Nature ne'er form'd so fair a face!"
By chance the fool was in the right;
'Twas patches, paint, and candle-light!

EPITAPH,

ON AN OLD MAID.

BENEATH these stones a lovely maid's repos'd,
Who, while alive, a secret ne'er disclos'd;
She on her back is still supinely laid,
The pious posture of a dying maid.

EPITAPH,

ON A MR. JOHN.

DEATH came to John,
And whisper'd in his ear,
"You must die, John,
D'ye hear?"

Quoth John to Death,
"The news is bad."
"No matter," quoth Death,
"I've said."

TO DR. ABEL, IN HIS SICKNESS.

ABEL! prescribe thyself; trust not another;
Some envious leech, like Cain, may slay his brother.

EPITAPH,

ON A COWARDLY OFFICER.

READER, a soldier here lies dead,
Who oft from fields of battle fled;
And, should he hear the trumpet's sound,
Tho' dead, he'll rise, and quit the ground.

THE MORALIST.

I GAVE fair Chloe a blushing rose,
And told her beauty, like the flow'r,
Its transitory empire owes
To youth's short-liv'd, but smiling hour.

I told her that delays were wrong;
"O name the happy hour!" I cried:
She felt the moral of my song,
And was next morn my *rival*'s bride.

ON THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

[GAY.]

ARGYLE, they say, has wit; for what?
For writing?—No, for writing not.

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

PREVIOUS TO HIS PUBLICATION OF HOMER.

O THOU, who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise:
Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage;
He sung, he begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid, tho' late, and paid to thee.

TO DR. TRAPP, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

MIND but thy preaching, Trapp; translate no further:
Is it not written, "Thou shalt do no murther."

ON MR. GLOVER'S LEONIDAS BEING COMPARED TO VIRGIL.

EQUAL to Virgil! It may be, perhaps;
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

EPIGRAM.

[BY SWIFT.]

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and ran for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble.
They ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice;
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
He sent to all three a challenge next morning:
He fought with all three—thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his wife.

EXTEMPORANEOUS MOCK PARODY.

[BY DR. JOHNSON.]

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell,
What is bliss, and which the way?

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the falling tear;
When the hoary sage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink some *beer*.

EPITAPH,

SENT TO BOB FORSTER,

THE CAMBRIDGE BARBER,

WITH A RECOMMENDATION TO HAVE IT ENGRAVED ON HIS TOMB.

SINCE WHICH THE UNIVERSITY HAS MADE HIM A CHARACTERISTIC PRESENT OF A SILVER BASON.

CUT smooth by Death's tremendous razor,
Lies Dapper Bob, eccentric shaver:
So warm his suds, his blade so keen,
Its gliding edge was scarcely seen;
One stroke or two, and from your cheek
He'd take the harvest of a week:
Kind earth, lie gently on his head,
For light his hand, and swift his tread.

ON AN ANTIQUATED LADY.

Too old for love, leave off that sin,
Reform—and put some water in your gin.

EPIGRAM.

TALK as you please of Turk or Pope, but I
Still find my neighbour my worst enemy.

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN IMPROMPTU BY DEAN SWIFT,

ON HIS CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'D three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to great St. Mary,
Using four legs when two were weary;
To three fair virgins I did tie men
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after;
Within an hour and eke a half
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
Which thund'ring out with lungs long-winded
I chopp'd so fast that few there minded:
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty wonders done,
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewitt,
What mortal else could e'er go thro' it?

LACONIC EPITAPH.

HERE I lays,
Kill'd by a chaise.

EPITAPH,

IN BENNESLEY CHURCH-YARD, KENTS.

HERE lies interr'd, under this stone,
Richard Sadler, once of this parish one.

.....

ANOTHER,

IN STORRINGTON CHURCH-YARD, WILTS.

HERE lies the body of Edward Hide;
We laid him here because he died.
We had rather
It had been his father:
If it had been his sister,
We should not have miss'd her:
But, since 'tis honest Ned,
No more shall be said.

AN APOLOGY FOR DRINKING GIN.

HIS noggin fill'd three parts with gin,
Tom puts but little water in;
And, blam'd for this, the drunken lout
Answers you then, with look devout,
" St. Paul (and you'll allow his merit)
Expressly says—*Quench not the spirit.*"

EPITAPH,

IN LLANYMYNECH CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies John Thomas,
And his three children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here.

.....

ANOTHER,

IN GUILSFIELD CHURCH-YARD,
MONTGOMERYSHIRE,

ON DAVID WILLIAMS.

UNDER this yew-tree
Buried would he be,
Because his father he
Planted this yew-tree.

.....

ANOTHER,

ON

A REPROBATE FELLOW, NAMED CHEST.

HERE lies one chest within another,
That chest was good that's made of wood,
But who'll say so of t'other?

EPIGRAM.

See Flavia all in tears her loss bemoan,
Her play-thing, fav'rite, dear delight, is gone!
Was then this darling object of her love
Some Lesbia's sparrow, or Ianthe's dove?
Ah! no; such trifles touch not Flavia's mind,
To solid, serious, inward joys inclin'd:
Her loss might move a very saint to cry,
A lusty Irish captain—six foot high.

.....

ANOTHER.

The glow which Iris' cheeks possess
Is something more than Nature's dress;
Yet such her happy knack,
Altho' she paints, there's none can boast
Of knowing what she uses most,
Carmine or *Coniac*.

COMMENT ON BURKE'S REFLECTIONS.

An Officer of the Navy being asked what he conceived Mr. Burke meant by the "cheap defence of nations," replied, that he thought he alluded to Midshipman's half-pay—*nothing a-day, and find yourself.*

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA makes sad complaint she's lost her lover;
Why nothing strange I in this news discover.
Nay, then, thou'rt dull; for here the wonder lies,
She had a lover once!—don't that surprise?

THE WONDER.

MY heart still hov'ring round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three days asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder!

EPIGRAM.

[CUNNINGHAM.]

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The Peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

ON A BREWER'S DISCHARGING HIS SERVANT FOR GETTING DRUNK.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow:
Body coachman he was to an eminent Brewer,
No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure;
His coach he kept clean—no mother or nurses
Took more care of their babes than he of his horses.
He had these, aye, and fifty good qualities more,
But the bus'ness of tippling could ne'er be got o'er;
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water:
"Now, William," says he, "you see the plain case:
Had you drunk as he does, you'd have kept a good place."
"Drink water!" quoth William, "had all men done so,
You ne'er wou'd have wanted a coachman, I trow;
For 'tis soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you Brewers to ride in your coaches."

ON THE DEATH OF A SEXTON.

COME, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall;
For, 'egad, had he liv'd, he'd have bury'd us all!

ON A YOUNG LADY'S MARRIAGE WITH A CLERGYMAN.

THE gods, assembled in debate
About Amelia's nuptial state,
A gift so glorious, good, and great,
To whom they should assign,
Unanimously did agree
That one so like themselves would be
Ill suited to mortality,
So gave her a DIVINE.

TO A VERY UGLY LADY WHO PATCHED MUCH.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, why disguise
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes?
I own that patching's requisite for you;
For more we're pleas'd, if less your face we view:
Yet I advise, if my advice you'd ask,
Wear but one patch; but be that patch a mask.

BELINDA.

BELINDA has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis heav'n to lie within her arms:
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in heaven.

THE FOLLOWING SMART REPARTEE WAS MADE BY A LADY TO DEAN SWIFT,

WHO WAS SATIRICAL AT THE EXPENSE OF THE FAIR SEX.

Cries Sylvia, to a Rev'rend Dean,
" What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heav'n ?"

" There are no *women*," he reply'd;
She quick return'd the jest:
" Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a *priest*."

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough offered a considerable sum of money to any one who would write the best Epitaph on the deceased Duke. The following one was written by Dr. Evans, of Oxford, though it may readily be concluded its *merit* did not entitle it to the proffered reward.

Here lies John Duke of *Marlborough*,
Who run the French thorough and thorough:
He marry'd Sarah Jennings, spinster;
Dy'd at *St. James's*, bury'd at *Westminster*.

EPITAPH,

ON A STONE AT BATH,

ON JOBSON.

HERE lies Jobson, the D—l's godson,
Who never lov'd the poor:
He liv'd like a hog,
And dy'd like a dog,
And left what he had to a w—e.

.....

ANOTHER.

ALAS! no more could I survive;
For I am dead, and not alive:
And thou in time no longer shalt survive,
But be as dead as any man alive.

.....

ON A STONE IN CORNWALL,

TO THE MEMORY OF JOAN CARTHEW.

HERE lies the body of Joan Carthew,
Born at St. Columb, buried at St. Cue:
Children she had five;
Three are dead, and two are alive;
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with the mother than live with the father.

EPIGRAM.

ADAM alone could not be easy,
So he must have a wife, an't please ye.
But how did he procure this wife,
To cheer his solitary life?
Why, from a rib cut off his side
Was form'd this necessary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
Pho! he slept sweetly all the while.
But when the rib was re-applied,
In woman's form, to Adam's side,
How then, I pray you, did it answer?
He never slept so sweet again, Sir.

ON A QUARRELSOME COUPLE.

HIC jacet ille qui centies et mille
Did scold with his wife;
Cum illo jacet illa, quæ communis in villa,
Did quittance his life.

His name was Nick, the which was sick,
And that very malè:
Her name was Nan, which lov'd well a man;
So, gentlemen, valè!

EPIGRAM.

As a priest one day chastis'd a Catholic sinner,
For eating one fast-day roast beef for his dinner,
The culprit replied, "Sir, how comes this to pass?
You told me, last Sunday, that all flesh was grass;
And, tho' now in a different manner you treat it,
It was only by way of a *sallad* I ate it."

EPITAPH,

IN HADLEIGH CHURCH, SUFFOLK.

To free me from domestic strife,
Death call'd at my house—but he spoke to my wife.
Susan, wife of David Patison, lies here;
October 19th, 1706:
Stop, Reader! and, if not in a hurry, shed a tear.

EPITAPH,

ON AN UNDERTAKER.

SUBDU'D by Death, here Death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories;
Yet sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd breath,
Made it his bus'ness still to look for Death.

ANECDOTE

OF

THE ABBÉ DE LA RIVIÈRE.

THIS man, whose character was very indifferent, being willing to purchase posthumous praise, offered a hundred crowns to any person who produced the best Epitaph on him. As all Epitaphs are supposed to be panegyrical (particularly those which are paid for), it is difficult to imagine how the poet could reconcile his interest with his integrity; yet the following Epitaph is said to have obtained the money, though it leaves the character of the deceased as equivocal as it probably deserved.

HERE lies, whose fame stands on record
High as his birth can do:
Was prudent, wise—(your ear—a word—
The writer here *lies* too).

You'll ask, perhaps—and, asking, frown—
Why then his praise I've thunder'd?
Be mute—for one *poetic crown*,
I gain, in *coin*, *a hundred*.

EPITAPH

ON

THOMAS THE FIRST LORD WHARTON,

WHO LIES BURIED, WITH HIS TWO WIVES, ELEANOR AND ANN, IN THE CHURCH OF KIRBY-STEPHEN, IN WESTMORLAND.

HERE I Thomas Wharton do lie,
With Lucifer under my head,
And Nelly my wife hard by,
And Nancy as cold as lead:

O how can I speak without dread!
Who could my sad fortune abide,
With one devil under my head,
And another laid close by my side?

EPITAPH,

ON A LAWYER.

HIC jacet Jacobus Straw,
Who forty years follow'd the law;
And when he dy'd,
The Devil cry'd,
Jemmy, give us your paw.

ARTEMISIA.

[POPE]

THO' Artemisia talks by fits
Of Councils, Classics, Fathers, Wits;
  Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails;
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
  And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride;
Such nastiness and so much pride
  Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
  That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace!)
On any part except her face,
  All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
  And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
  Majestically stalk;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.

FIVE REASONS FOR DRINKING.

[DR. ALDRICH.]

Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

ON MR. BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES,

IN COMPANY WITH DR. JOHNSON.

When Jamie Boswell took the pen
The Doctor's sayings to record,
Professors look'd like common men,
And Johnson of the clan the lord.

Whate'er the Doctor blunder'd out,
Let it be *prose*, or be it *verse*,
Jamie took down without one doubt,
And priz'd it, as it had been *Erse*.

But could it be poor Johnson's fate
To read these pages, as 'tis mine;
The folio thrown at Osborne's* pate,
Dear Jamie, would be thrown at thine.

* Osborne, the bookseller, purchased the Harleian Library, and employed Johnson to make a catalogue of it; who, upon some dispute with the former, threw a folio at his head: a trait peculiarly characteristic of the savage ferocity of that Colossus of literature. EDITOR.

THE COMMONS' PETITION TO CHARLES II.

[ROCHESTER.]

In all humility we crave
Our Sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally:
And, if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

.....

THE KING'S ANSWER.

Charles, at this time, having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

EPIGRAM,

ON AN INSOLVENT BARRISTER.

Without effects is *Nolo pros.*
How happens this? cries one, and pauses—
His palm no fees were known to cross;
Effects can only spring from *causes.*

EPITAPH,

IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH, NORWICH.

UNDER this stone
Lies John Knapton,
Who dyed just
The 28th of August,
M. D. XC. and one,
Of this church Petti-canon.

.....

ANOTHER.

HERE lies the man whose horse did gain
The bell, in race, on Salisbury-plain:
Reader, I know not whether needs it
You or your *horse* rather to read it.

.....

ANOTHER,

[FROM CAMDEN.]

HERE lyeth Richard a Preene,
One thousand five hundred eighty-nine,
Of March 20th day;
And he that will die after him—may.

SENATORIAL IRICISMS.

In a debate on the leather-tax, in 1795, the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, Sir J. Parnell, observed, that, in the prosecution of the present war, "every man should give his *last* guinea to save the *remainder*." Mr. Vandeleur said, that, "however that might be, the tax on leather would be severely *felt by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland*." To which Sir Boyle Roach, in support of the tax, suggested, that "it might be easily remedied by making the *under-leathers* of wood."

ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN BRIDGEMAN.

He was President of the Council in the Marches of North Wales, and resided at Ludlow Castle: for a very slight offence he imprisoned one Ralph Gittins in the town-prison. Sir John soon after died; and, in pure gratitude for his kindness, Ralph (who was bellman of the place) honoured the Knight with the following laconic

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir John Bridgeman, clad in his clay.
G—d said to the Devil, "Sirrah, take him away."

MODERN INCREDULITY.

WHAT legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel, where priestcraft prevails!
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd,
What stories of goblins for truth they believ'd!
But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth now-a-days are apt to suspect:
From believing too much the right faith we let fall;
So now we believe—faith—just nothing at all.

EPITAPH FOR VOLTAIRE.

HERE, reader, lies rotting what was once Voltaire,
A Frenchman well bred, and of parts truly rare,
To his sceptical brethren uncommonly dear;
A foe to religion—his jest was the church—
Grant, Heav'n, he be not now left in the lurch!

EPIGRAM.

ABADDON, they say, is a name for the Devil;
I dare say he'd thank 'em for being so civil:
But there's no need of this name, which in truth is a sad one;
For who does not know that the Devil's a *bad one?*

STREPHON AND BLOWSALIND.

STREPHON in vain pursu'd a rural fair,
The rosy object of his tender care:
The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier swain,
Still view'd the am'rous Strephon with disdain.
Provok'd, he strove by force to storm her charms;
She rais'd her hand—and dash'd him from her arms.
"Oh cease (he cried), subdue that barb'rous spite;
Tho' doom'd to love, I was not born to fight!
You've stol'n my heart, deprive me not of breath;
Those *frowns* are cruel—but that fist is *death*."

THE DANGLER.

CHARM'D with the empty sound of pompous words,
Carlo vouchsafes to dine with none but lords;
Whilst rank and title all his thoughts employ,
For these he barters every social joy:
For these, what you and I sincerely hate,
He lives in form, and often starves in state.
Carlo, enjoy thy Peer! content to be
Rather a slave to him than friend to me:
Go, sell the substance to retain the show;
May you *seem* happy!—whilst *I am really so.*

EPIGRAM.

[RELPH.]

No; Varus hates a thing that's base:
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

ANECDOTE OF LORD WHARTON.

WHEN this Nobleman was a youth, he was remarkable for his dissolute life: his father, on the contrary, was a rigid Presbyterian. At an entertainment given by the old Lord to a number of friends, the young one was desired to say grace: when, turning up the whites of his eyes, he, in a very sanctified tone, repeated the following lines:

I PRAY God to shorten
The days of Lord Wharton,
And put his son up in his place:
He'll drink, and he'll whore,
And ten thousand things more,
With as good a fanatical face.

The old Nobleman, who, being deaf, heard not one syllable of this filial prayer, very devoutly closed it with "Amen, I pray God!"

POLITENESS.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, as I've heard say,
(I neither know the year or day),
The rain distill'd from many a cloud,
The night was dark, the wind blew loud;
A Country 'Squire, without a guide,
Where roads were bad, and heath was wide,
Attended by his servant Jerry,
Was travelling to the town of Bury.
The 'Squire had ne'er been bred in courts,
But yet was held, as fame reports,
Though he to wit made no pretence,
A 'Squire of more than common sense.
Jerry, who courage could not boast,
Thought ev'ry tree he saw a ghost;
And most devoutly pray'd he might
Escape the terrors of that night.
As they approach'd the common's side,
A peasant's cottage they espy'd;
There riding up, our weary 'Squire
Thought it most prudent to inquire,
Being nothing less than wet to skin,
Where he might find a wholesome inn.
"No inns there are," replied the clown,
"'Twixt this and yonder market-town,

Seven miles Nor-west, across the heath;
And wind and rain are in your teeth:
But if so be that you will go
To yon old hall upon the brow,
You'll find free entertainment there,
Down beds, and rare old English fare
Of beef and mutton, fowl and fish,
As good as any man need wish;
Warm stabling too, and corn and hay,
Yet not a penny will you pay:
'Tis true, Sir, I have heard it said,
(And here he grinn'd and scratch'd his head)
The Gentleman that keeps the house,
Though every freedom he allows,
And o'er night is so woundy civil
You'd swear he never dream'd of evil,
Orders, next morn, his servant John
With cat-o'-nine-tails to lay on
Full twenty strokes, most duly counted,
On man and master, 'ere they mounted."
" With cat-o'-nine-tails! Oh!" cries Jerry,
" That I were safe in Edmundsbury!"
Our 'Squire rode on, as clown directed;
This offer might not be rejected.
Poor Jerry's pray'rs could not dissuade:
The 'Squire, more curious than afraid,

Arrives and rings, the footman runs;
The master, with his wife and sons,
Descend the hall, and bid him enter,
Give him dry clothes, and beg he'd venture
To take a glass of Cognac brandy:
And he, who hated words to bandy
In idle compliment'ry speeches,
The brandy took, and eke the breeches.
The liquor drank, the garments chang'd,
The family round the fire rang'd,
The mistress begg'd to know if he
Chose coffee, chocolate, or tea?
The 'Squire reply'd, *sans* hesitation,
Or teazing trite expostulation—
" A dish of coffee, and a toast."
The mistress smil'd: th' enraptur'd host
Cried, " Sir, I like your freedom much;
My house is yours, pray think it such
While here you stay; 'tis my request;
And you shall be a welcome guest:
Sans cérémonie I would live,
And what I have I freely give."
Tea ended; once again our host
Demanded—" Sir, if boil'd or roast,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, do you prefer
For supper?"—" Why, indeed, good Sir,

Roast duck I love"—"With good green peas?"
"Yes, dearest Madam! if you please."
"Well said! Now, while it's getting ready,
We two, my eldest son, and lady,
Will take a hand at whist."—"Agreed!"
And soon they cut for deal and lead.
But now, to crimp my lengthen'd tale,
Whether the 'Squire drank wine or ale,
Or how he slept, or what he said,
Or how much gave to man or maid,
Or what the while became of Jerry,
'Mong footmen blythe and maidens merry,
Description here we can't admit,
For "brevity's the soul of wit."
Suffice to say, the morn arriv'd:
Jerry, of senses half depriv'd,
Horses from stable saw led out,
Trembled and skulk'd, and peer'd about,
And felt already every thwack
Of cat-o'-nine-tails on his back.
Each word, each action, was a blunder;
But, oh! how great his joy and wonder,
The stirrups held, the horses cross'd,
When forth the hostess and the host,
With smiles, instead of lashes smarting,
Came out to take a cup at parting;

Bestowing many welcomes on 'em
Unfeign'd, for all the honour done 'em,
Of thanks, that language could afford;
Of cat-o'-nine-tails not a word.
Mutual civilities repaid,
The 'Squire had turn'd his horse's head
To gallop off; yet his desire
Grew ev'ry moment higher and higher,
While bidding thus his last adieu,
To ask if what he'd heard was true:
For not alone the clown had said
The reck'ning must in stripes be paid;
But one o' th' footmen, whom he slily
O'er night interrogated drily,
Confirm'd th' aforesaid peasant's tale;
And said his master would not fail,
Next morn, to bid, in furious passion,
Strong John lay twenty times the lash on.
Determin'd then to ease his doubt,
E'en though it bred a flogging-bout,
(Of that, howe'er, to be sincere,
He was not very much in fear),
Once more he turn'd his horse's head,
And to his host thus, smiling, said:—
" Last night, a peasant told me, here
(As I have found) was noble cheer;

But added, ere this morn I went,
You'd drub me to my heart's content:
Yet this you have not put in act.
Is it a fiction, or a fact,
After the kindness you've express'd,
You take your leave thus of each guest?
And how, if still a rule you've kept it,
Have I deserv'd to be excepted?"
"Sir," answer'd he, "'tis very true;
No stranger e'er went hence but you,
Who bore not on his well-carv'd bark
Of cat-o'-nine-tails many a mark.
None yet deserv'd, or I'm mistaken,
That I should pity or spare their bacon.
A set of teazing tiresome knaves,
Of bowing, fawning, lying slaves!
If a man ask'd what they'd prefer,
'Oh, I love any thing, good Sir!'
Would you choose coffee, Sir, or tea?
'Dear Ma'am, it's all the same to me!'
For beef or mutton give your voice:
'Upon my honour, I've no choice!'
There's Cheshire, Sir, or Glo'ster cheese;
Which shall I send you? 'Which you please.'
Curse on their cringing complaisance!
I've tutor'd some of them to dance
Such steps as they ne'er learn'd in France.

But you, good Sir, or I misdeem,
Deserve an honest man's esteem:
Your frankness, Sir, I call polite;
I never spent a happier night;
And whensoe'er this road you come,
I hope you'll make my house your home:
Nay, more; I likewise hope, henceforth,
To rank a man of so much worth
Among my friends."—" Sir," said the 'Squire,
" 'Tis what I ardently desire:
Not twenty miles from hence my house,
At which your son, yourself, and spouse,
Shall find such hospitality
As kindly here you've shown to me."
The bargain struck, the 'Squire and Jerry
Again proceed for town of Bury.
And now the Reader may, with ease,
Extract this moral, if he please:
Politeness never can become
Impertinent and troublesome;
His breeding good he soonest proves
Who soonest tells you what he loves:
And who in rapid eloquence
Their wordy compliments dispense,
Have more civility than sense.

EPITAPH,

ON MR. JOHN GILL, ATTORNEY.

BENEATH this stone, by the bone of his bone,
Sleeps Master John Gill;
By *lies*, when alive, this Attorney did thrive,
And now that he's dead he *lies still*.

.....

ANOTHER,

IN GRANTHAM CHURCH-YARD.

JOHN PALFRYMAN, which lieth here,
Was aged twenty-four year;
And near this place his mother lies;
Also his father—when he dies.

.....

ANOTHER,

IN BRIGHTON CHURCH-YARD.

O DEARE mother, you are gone before;
And I, a ratch, wait at the door:
Sin doth not only keep me thens,
But maks me loth to go from hens.
When Christ hath heal'd me of my sin,
Heel mack me tite, and let me in.

This was her darter Abigal's desire.

EPITAPH

ON JOHN WEBB,

SON OF JOHN AND MARY WEBB, CLOTHIERS,

WHO DIED OF THE MEASLES, MAY 3, 1646.

IN YEOVIL CHURCH-YARD, SOMERSET.

How still he lies!
And clos'd those eyes
That shone as bright as day!
The cruel measles,
Like *clothier's teazles*,
Have *scratch'd* his life away.

Cochineal red
His lips have fled,
Which now are blue and black:
Dear pretty wretch,
How thy limbs *stretch*,
Like *cloth* upon the *rack*.

Repress thy sighs,
The husband cries,
My dear, and not repine;
For, ten to one,
When God's work's done,
He'll come off *superfine*.

EPITAPH

ON A MISER.

[SWIFT.]

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise:
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay:
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

EPIGRAM.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

I DIE with sadness, if the blushing fair
These eyes adore rejects her lover's pray'r;
I die with transport, if her gentle ear
Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.
How shall a wretch contrive his fate to shun,
Both by her rigour and her smiles undone?
Each way I look I find my ruin sure;
Fall by the wound, or perish by the cure.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS, THE SCOTISH POET.

[BY ROSCOE.]

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy fertile vallies proudly spread;
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red!
But, ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain!

As green thy tow'ring pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summer suns may glow,
And wake again thy feath'ry throng:
But now unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around;
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
And cold the hand that wak'd the sound.

What though thy vig'rous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Though beauty in thy daughters eyes,
And health in every feature dwell;

Yet who shall now their praises tell,
In strains impassion'd, fond, and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To Love, and Liberty, and Thee?

With step-dame eye, and frown severe,
His hapless youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due:
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In op'ning youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy fav'ring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought:
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild flow'rs pour'd their rath perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah! no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd:
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships try'd!

And, more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality!

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the ev'ning sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile,
The pow'rs of Fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

Ah, days of bliss! too swiftly fled,
When vig'rous health from labour springs,
And bland Contentment smooths the bed,
And Sleep his ready opiate brings;
And, hov'ring round on airy wings,
Float the light forms of young Desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire!

Now spells of mightier pow'r prepare—
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
Let Flatt'ry spread her viewless snare,
And Fame attract his vagrant glance:

Let sprightly Pleasure, too, advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone;
Till, lost in Love's delirious trance,
He scorns the joys his youth has known!

Let Friendship pour her brightest blaze,
Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And Mirth concentre all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling bowl:
And let the careless moments roll
In social pleasures unconfin'd;
And Confidence, that spurns control,
Unlock the inmost springs of mind!

And lead his steps those bow'rs among,
Where Elegance with Splendour vies,
And Science bids her favour'd throng
To more refin'd sensations rise:
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With ev'ry impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
And shroud the scene in shades of night!

Then let Despair, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight
Her spectred ills and shapes of woe!

And show, beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief, where droops her head—
The partner of his early joys!
And let his infants' tender cries
His fond parental succour claim;
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband and a father's name!

'Tis done—the pow'rful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends:
An idiot-laugh the welkin rends,
As genius thus degraded lies,
Till pitying Heav'n the veil extends
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd vallies proudly spread;
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red!

But never more shall poet tread
  Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
  That ever breath'd the soothing strain!

THE JE NE SÇAI QUOI.

[BY MR. WHITEHEAD.]

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
  And Celia has undone me;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
  The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
  For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
  Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
  There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
  Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm,
  'Twas both perhaps—or neither:
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
  Of Celia all together.

*SONNET.

As fair as the hawthorn that scents the green lawn,
Or the vi'let that sweets does impart,
As soft as the orient breezes of morn,
Is the dear little girl of my heart.

What roseate flow'r with her cheeks can compare?
'Tis nature unsully'd by art;
Not the daffodil blooming to me is so fair
As the dear little girl of my heart.

I ask not for riches to better my lot,
From my rural employ to depart;
But grant me, kind Heav'n! content and a cot,
With the dear little girl of my heart!

*THE WISH.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. 48.

GRANT me, ye gods divine, a competence;
A wife at least possess'd of common sense;
A pleasant cot, and ancient British cheer;
A few choice authors, and a friend sincere:
Let me from proud Augusta's site remove,
And on thy banks, delightful Menai, rove!

LAPLAND SONG.

[BY SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, BART.]

THE snows are dissolving on Torne's rude side,
And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark tide;
Thy dark streams, O Lulhea! flow freely away,
And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to day.

Remote the keen terrors of Winter retire,
Where the North's dancing streamers relinquish their fire;
Where the sun's genial beams swell the bud on the tree,
And Enna chaunts forth her wild warblings with glee.

The rein-deer unharness'd in freedom shall play,
And safely o'er Odon's steep precipice stray;
The wolf to the forest's recesses shall fly,
And howl to the moon as she glides thro' the sky.

Then haste, my fair Lhea, ah! haste to the grove,
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love;
In youth let our bosoms with ecstasy glow,
For the winter of life ne'er a transport can know.

TO ZELINDA.

THE poet and the painter safely dare
To form an image of the proudest fair:
Your brighter charms, by lavish Nature wrought,
Transcend the painter's skill, the poet's thought.

OCCASIONED BY

THE EXPRESSION "*ONE PRIOR,*"

IN BURNET'S WORKS.

"ONE PRIOR!" and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' historian can claim?
No:—Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

ON A FLOWER PAINTED BY VARELST.

[BY PRIOR.]

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade!

LINES WRITTEN ON THE LEAVES OF A FAN.

[BY DR. ATTERBURY.]

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

OF two reliefs to cure a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes Despair: I urge, Be kind.
Flavia, be kind: the remedy's as sure;
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

EPITAPH,

INTENDED FOR A LATE LORD MAYOR.

HERE lies Will C-rt-is, our late worthy Mayor,
Who has left *this here* world, and gone to *that there*.

ON OLD LADIES FOND OF DRESS.

CAN wrinkled furrows, dug by age,
False hair, or eye of glass, engage
The smiles of youthful beaux?
Can iv'ry teeth, at sixty-one,
Tho' bought of *March*, be deem'd thy own,
Display'd in lucid rows?

Can patches, paint, Olympian dew,
Or all that *Sangwine*'s art can do,
The glow of youth restore?
Such glaring party-colour'd streaks
As daub old Chloe's stucco cheeks
Disfigure her the more.

Pinch'd in her frame by steel-ribb'd boddice,
That frame that so awry and odd is;
No crutches to befriend her:
Where Nature once a rump design'd,
Two hills of cork project behind,
To make her waist look slender.

Like some Dutch dauber's vile design,
Where frightful tints deface the line
Of beauty and of taste;
So from a ruff of pucker'd gauze,
And jutting coats full cramm'd with straws,
Out peeps a face of paste.

When flush'd with wine, she talks of love:
Through bloodless veins will Cupid rove,
And light up amorous fire?
No: he will bask in Celia's eye,
Or nestling in her bosom lie,
And cherish young desire.

Nor India's silks, nor Brussels lace,
Can make the seasons backward pace;
Nor rose nor violet powder
Can tinge her cheeks with beauty's hue,
Or give her eyes that melting blue
Which made admirers crowd her.

The wanton smile, the swimming air,
The graceful nod, the flowing hair,
That once became those eyes,
In vain at sixty to maintain
She strives—too evident the pain,
Too thin the weak disguise.

Not such the attributes of age,
That should our reverence engage,
The pride of silver hair;
Meek patience, much-enduring grief,
And faith, that seeks from God relief
By penitence and pray'r.

MOSCHUS, IDYLLIUM VII.

[TRANSLATED BY DR. BROOME.]

TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, golden star! of ray serene,
Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen!
O Hesper! glory of the Night!
Diffusing through the gloom delight,
Whose beams all other stars outshine
As much as silver Cynthia thine;
O! guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
To him I love! my shepherd swain;
He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
Dark shades will cloud the splendid noon.
Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
Nor the lone traveller of gold;
Love is my crime: oh! lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way;
May the bright star of Venus prove
The gentle harbinger of love!

FROM PRIOR.

BLEST be the Princes who have fought
For pompous names or wide dominion;
Since by their folly we are taught
That happiness is but opinion.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A ROSE-BUD.

[THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.]

SWEET bud, to Myra's bosom go,
And live beneath her eye;
There in the sun of beauty blow,
Or taste of heav'n, and die.

Sweet earnest of the blooming year,
Whose dawning beauties speak
The budding blush of summer near,
The summer on her cheek.

Bless'd emblem of the maid I love,
Resembling beauty's morn,
To Myra's bosom haste, and prove
One rose without a thorn.

EXTEMPORE

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF MR. LILY WITH MISS ROSE.

WHAT times of sweetness this fair day foreshows,
On which the Lily marries with the Rose!
What next is look'd for?—That we all should see
To spring from these a sweet posterity.

*THE POWER OF MUSIC.

OLD Orpheus, as the poets tell,
Descended to the shades below,
To seek Eurydice in hell,
Where nought is heard but shrieks of woe.

He pleaded hard to gain the fair,
But all his sighs and tears were vain;
Relentless Hell denied the pray'r
To take his lovely bride again.

But when his charming lyre he strung,
Old Pluto, rapt in ecstacy,
On ev'ry note in rapture hung,
And said Thy wife shall hence go free.

Thus music charm'd the demon fell:
Sooth'd by the soft persuasive strain,
The monster Cerberus ceas'd his yell,
And tortur'd fiends forgot their pain.

ON THE TEMPLE OF BRITISH WORTHIES, AT STOW, IN BUCKS.

AMONG these Chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why had not Cobham's bust a place?—
The structure was his own.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE old shepherd's dog, like his master, was grey,
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went, he was follow'd by Tray;
Thus happy thro' life did they hobble along.

When fatigu'd, on the grass the shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Plac'd his head in his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind;
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed,
For vain against death is the stoutest endeavour;
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah! clos'd them for ever!

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend;
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
"O bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend!"

*SONNET.

TO ISABELLA.

Ah! whither now has fled my heart's repose?
Why heaves the frequent sigh within my breast?
Oh! would the lovely author of my woes
Restore my bosom to its wonted rest!

'Twas not alone the colour of her cheek,
With which the blushing rose might well compare,
Nor jetty locks that negligently break,
Nor Pallas' eye, nor Juno's stately air:

No:—to those beauties which command our love,
She adds the graces of a cultur'd mind;
The charms of wit, yet guileless as the dove,
With sprightly ease and elegance combin'd.

Oh! could my feeble pen be taught to flow
In the smooth current of a Waller's strain,
Soon should the fair in melting numbers know
'Tis she alone that causes all my pain.

But, fated still in secret grief to pine,
I wander sad beneath the cypress shade;
Must I, alas! my fondest hopes resign,
Unheard, unpitied, by the charming maid?

*ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE BIRD.

SWEET warbler, thy loss I deplore,
And remember thy song with a sigh;
Its sweetness can cheer me no more,
While the moments pass heavily by.

Those hours can I ever forget,
When by grief and misfortune oppress'd?
I hear thy soft melody yet,
Which lull'd all my sorrows to rest.

Another inhabits thy cage,
But I cannot have patience to hear;
Its warblings may others engage,
Unheeded they fall on my ear.

In thy death, my poor bird, I can trace
The fate that is destin'd for me;
Another will shine in my place,
And *I* be forgotten, like thee!

ISABELLA.

FROM BUCHANAN.

"PAUPER ERAM JUVENIS," &c.

POOR when in youth; now, worn by feeble age,
I'm rich; but wretched still in either stage:
When wealth I could enjoy, I then had none;
Now plenty's come, all pow'r of use is gone.

ON SEEING THE LATE

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

IN A HALF MASK, AT THE OPERA-HOUSE GALA.

O quite reveal that heav'nly face,
Where Love and all his cherubs play!
So morn's first blush in shades we trace,
And anxious wait the brilliant day.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY CHARLOTTE GORDON,

DRESSED IN A TARTAN SCOTS BONNET.

[DR. BEATTIE.]

WHY, Lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
With the dread semblance of that warlike helm,
That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
That grac'd the chiefs of Scotia's ancient realm?

Thou know'st that Virtue is of Pow'r the source,
And all her magic to thy eyes is given;
We own their empire, while we feel their force,
Beaming with the benignity of Heav'n.

The plumy helmet and the martial mien
Might dignify Minerva's awful charms;
But more resistless still the Cyprian queen—
Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

*TO LOVE.

[FROM ANACREON.]

To Love I tune the vocal shell,
And of his pow'r and triumphs tell;
Fresh blooming flow'rs his brows adorn,
Offsprings of the verdant lawn;
His potent sway all mortals own,
And gods pay homage to his throne.

---

*TO ISABELLA.

SWEET Isabel! that shape and air
E'en jealous envy must approve;
But wherefore art thou form'd so fair?—
To yield the soft delights of love!

Time, who has giv'n thy cheek the rose,
And plac'd the graces in thy train,
And giv'n thy neck the purest snows,
Will take those beauties back again.

How shall I manage? thou wilt say—
E'en disappoint him, and agree
(For now I see him on his way)
To yield them up at once to me.

P. P.

*TO PEACE.

Come, gentle Peace! revisit my sad breast,
Where hopeless grief and endless sorrow dwell;
Give, to beguile my woes, a little rest,
And make my anxious breaking heart thy cell.

To flatt'ring Hope I've tun'd my vocal lyre,
Liv'd on her smiles delighted and secure,
Till I have seen my brightest joys expire,
And pangs succeed which only thou canst cure.

Come, then, meek maid! impart thy healing balm,
Speak to my heart, and bid its sorrows cease;
O'er my sad soul diffuse a soothing calm,
And I will ever bless thee, heav'nly Peace!

Isabella.

ON A GENTLEMAN DRINKING THE HEALTH OF HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

Why dost thou wish that she may live,
Whose living beauties make thee grieve?
Thou wouldst more wisely wish her kind,
That she may change her cruel mind;
Thy present wish but this can gain,
That she may live, and thou complain.

*TO HARMONY.

SWEET Harmony! thy pow'r divine
Can raise our joys, our souls refine;
Thy magic charms can grief assuage,
The heart transfix, the ear engage:
Whether at midnight, o'er the bowl,
Thou dost preside, to cheer the soul
With lively song (companion fit
For humour and satiric wit),
Or in sweet Catalani's strain
We hear Cecilia once again,
And, lost in admiration, own
'Twas Music call'd an angel down.

SONG.

[THOMSON.]

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bow'r;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flow'r.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the fresh'ning fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

*SOLILOQUY OF A SCHOOLMASTER,

ON THE CHRISTMAS VACATION.

IN IMITATION OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

THE noisy bus'ness of the day is o'er,
And silence now prevails where tumult reign'd;
Save that, releas'd from dull scholastic lore,
Each pupil speaks his pleasure unrestrain'd:

Save that, from yonder interwoven cage,
The blackbird warbles with melodious throat;
Debarr'd from liberty (now spent its rage),
It strives to emulate Morelli's note.

On those old shelves, where num'rous volumes lie,
Each useless, torn, in many a mould'ring heap,
Hid by the dust from keen observer's eye,
Justin and Cæsar's Commentaries sleep.

The love of praise, the fear of angry threat,
Shall cease to make th' unwilling pupil learn;
Nor, till Vacation ends, shall take their seat,
Nor to their studies, nor the desk return.

For them, as yet, the blazing fire shall cease,
No busy housewife sweep the dusty floor;
No rod tremendous shall disturb their ease,
No Usher's frown destroy their tranquil hour.

Oft did a rule in dark Subtraction yield
Its knotty point to their assiduous care:—
How jocund when, in yonder chequer'd field,
Their kites expanded sail'd the ambient air!

Let not proud man decry our youths' delight,
Nor with contempt their talents under-rate;
Perhaps that hand, which steers the wav'ring kite,
Was form'd to guide the giddy helm of state:

Or that bold youth, so eager to command,
Who rules his comrades with imperious sway,
And decks *en militaire* his little band,
Shall shine the hero of some future day.

The boast of genius, or superior skill,
Or all that art or nature ever gave,
Availeth not; if learning can't instil
The seeds of virtue, nought thy fame can save.

Can all the pow'rs in Cicero combin'd
Rescue from scorn the sycophant and knave;
The boldness of Demosthenes refin'd
Screen from contempt the tame and willing slave?

Can Cæsar's triumphs, Cromwell's dauntless mind,
Or curs'd ambition, or affected zeal,
Or Bonaparte's policy refin'd,
The tyrant and the hypocrite conceal?

No—Virtue still shall claim its due reward,
And Vice and Folly bend beneath its rod;
And all shall still with reverence regard
"An *honest man*—the noblest work of God!"

---

*BACCHANALIAN.

BACCHUS, with thy clust'ring vine
Round about my brows entwine;
Bring with thee the flowing bowl
That with rapture fills my soul;
Let the rosy Queen of Love
Leave awhile the Cyprian grove,
With her nymphs, whose beauty rare
Shall smooth the brow of carking Care:
Then fill the goblets to the brim,
And quick imbibe the potent stream;
Let the Circean draught go round,
And mirth, gay mirth, and wine abound.
While quaffing thus the purple tide,
Swift the laughing hours shall glide,
Free from heart-corroding sorrow,
Till Phœbus ushers in the morrow.
Replenish, then, the wasted treasure,
And reassume our wonted pleasure.
Thus, bless'd with wine, and bless'd with love,
I envy not immortal Jove.

*SONNET.

HARK! the linnet's varied note,
On yon dew-bespangled thorn,
Hails the birth of cheerful Spring,
And greets the rosy rising Morn.

Now Phœbus, rising from the east,
His rays diffusive spreads around;
And Nature, in her mantle green,
With fragrance decks the humid ground.

Rob'd in her many-colour'd vest,
See Flora, goddess gay, appear;
And Zephyr, with his silken wings,
Waft balmy odours through the air.

Come then, Cleora, let us haste
Where rural shades invite to love,
And taste the orient breeze of morn,
And tread the deep-embow'red grove:

For soon the gladsome scene will change,
And soon succeed th' inclement sky;
And Nature wear a frown severe
As Winter's dreary reign draws nigh.

Then let us, in the Spring of life,
A season fraught with hopes and fears,
Make Virtue, lovely maid, our guide,
Ere Age's frozen day appears.

*LINES
ON THE
RECOLLECTION OF YOUTHFUL PLEASURES.

Ye fairy visions of my early youth,
Which oft with joy my glowing fancy led;
Ye fleeting dreams, resemblances of truth,
Why from my eyes for ever are ye fled?

No more I meet you near yon murm'ring rill,
Where oft ye taught my throbbing heart to glow;
No more I find you on the wood-clad hill,
In vain I seek you in the vale below!

Why did you whisper in my raptur'd ear,
With meek-ey'd Peace I'd tread this toilsome way;
That Happiness would crown each circling year,
That smiling Joy would lead each laughing day?

For, ah! how diff'rent now the prospect seems,
Which sad experience opens to my view!
No more I'll heed ye, ye deceitful dreams;
Ye fairy visions of my youth, adieu!

G. B.

.....

*ON READING THE FOREGOING.

As o'er thy melancholy page I bend,
And trace thy pensive thoughts in ev'ry line,
From whence proceed the sorrows of my friend?
And why, despairing, does the Muse repine?

Hath Love's deceitful smiles destroy'd thy rest,
And strew'd thy couch with thorns and bitter tears?
Hath Jealousy thy feeling soul depress'd
With all its madd'ning doubts and chilling fears?

Have any Friendship's sacred shrine profan'd
With specious sophistry and art refin'd,
And o'er thy yielding heart an influence gain'd,
Which checks each virtuous impulse of thy mind?

If all these varying ills of life thou'st prov'd,
How truly I can sympathize with thee!
E'en now I mourn the loss of him I lov'd,
And Friendship has no longer charms for me.

ISABELLA.

THE FOLLOWING

ELEGANT LINES

WERE SENT BY THE UNFORTUNATE JOSEPH GERRALD*, WITH A BOUQUET, TO A LADY.

THOUGH from thy bank of velvet borne,
Hang not, fair flow'r, thy drooping crest;
Maria's bosom thou shalt find
The softest, sweetest bed of rest.

* Sentenced by the Court of Justiciary of Scotland to transportation for fourteen years, for sedition.

Though from mild Zephyr's kiss no more
  Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale—
Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
  Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But be thou thankful for that bliss
  For which in vain a thousand burn;
And, as thou stealest sweets from her,
  Give back thy choicest in return.

---

*THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

In vain I pour the vocal lay,
  In vain to winds my griefs impart;
In sorrow sing my roundelay;
  For winter cold is Emma's heart.

So sprightly on the daisied green
  No more shall Edwin lead the dance,
But wander to some dell unseen,
  Or die by Egbert's hated lance.

For he with wily arts has won
  The fairest flow'r of Arno's vale;
And I, by Emma's scorn undone,
  Neglected tell my lovesick tale.

As lately to the festive ground
With modest step she bent her way,
The sylvan swains, with garlands crown'd,
Hail'd her the peerless queen of May.

The colour of her downy cheek
Might with the blushing rose compare:
Her sparkling eye, her look so meek,
Did ev'ry tender heart ensnare.

Alas! her charms from me are flown;
Successless love, ah! what can cure?
Then far unto some wild unknown
I'll go, from beauty's wiles secure.

And there in solitude forlorn
Strive to forget the fickle fair,
And ease a heart already torn
With hopeless love and sad despair.

TO A LADY,

WITH

A PRINT OF VENUS ATTIRED BY THE GRACES.

THAT far superior is thy state
E'en Envy must agree;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

*STANZAS

TO

P—— P——,

ON HIS ABUSE OF MR. HAYLEY.

HAIL! bard, in whose prolific brain
Immortal Dulness holds her reign,
Father of Grub-street lays;
On Pegasus in vain you sit,
Your striving to be deem'd a wit
But impotence displays.

Thou candidate for Settle's fee,
Excelling him in ribaldry,
Superlatively dull;
With *outré* tales, and lines uncouth,
Why dost thou wound the ear of truth,
With spleen and rancour full?

Say why, impell'd by envious spite,
Thy grey goose-quill has dar'd to write
'Gainst Hayley's moral page;
Hayley, whose works resplendent shine,
Whose classic thoughts and nervous line
Shall charm the distant age?

In him Dan Pope again we see;
The vilest ribald, too, in thee;
Then be for once advis'd:
Send to the trunkmaker thy store
Of scandal Odes, and write no more;
Thou may'st be less despis'd.

THE LAUNDRESSES.

A RUNIC ODE.

DARK with clouds the early day
On the eastern hills arose;
Females six, in strange array,
Left their couches' soft repose.

Two by two they march along,
Scarce th' unwieldy load they move,
Sheets of texture wide and strong,
Which Hibernia's shuttles wove.

Dread ablutions they prepare;
Lo! the purple furnace gleams;
And the cauldron high in air
Flings around mephitic steams.

In the billows foaming white
  Now their brawny arms they steep:
Shirts with kindred shifts unite,
  Buried in the boiling deep.

Songs obscene they now begin!
  Each gaunt figure chaunts, in turn,
Words that breathe of Hollands gin,
  Thoughts that like that spirit burn.

Jugs shall ring, and glasses crash;
  Nought their fiend-like thirst can quench:
Cheeks shall glow, and eye-balls flash,
  Glimmering tapers die in stench.

Nor the hurly-burly slack,
  Till, with mirth and toil oppress'd,
Prostrate on her brawny back
  Each stout matron sinks to rest.

---

*THE BLUSH.

When first I woo'd young Delia fair,
I prais'd her shape and auburn air,
  With warmth my passion press'd;
Her tongue denies—her cheeks disclose
The modest blush that decks the rose,
  And all her love confess'd.

* LINES,

BY ISABELLA.

THE morn returns, whose genial light
Gilds ev'ry bosom with delight;
All nature smiles, and all looks gay,
To hail the rising god of day;
And all but me the blessing share,
Whose ev'ry thought is dark despair.
Of Friendship, Love, and Peace, bereft,
Say, is there any comfort left?
Religion gently whispers low,
In silv'ry accents, murm'ring slow,
" O child of grief, thy tears restrain,
Nor waste thy fleeting hours in vain;
Life, though sad, may yet impart
A ray of comfort to thy heart.
Let sober Reason be thy guide,
With calm Reflection by her side;
These will each wand'ring thought repress,
And lead thee back to happiness.
No more with weak regret repine
The fickle joys which once were thine;
Hope shall dispel this care and gloom,
And promise peace beyond the tomb."

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

This Well is situated in the parish of St. Neot's, in Cornwall, and is dedicated to St. Keyne, who, tradition says, laid a spell upon the water; in consequence of which any new-married man or woman who shall first drink thereof shall be absolute domestic ruler.

[SOUTHEY.]

A WELL there is in the West Country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the West Country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow;
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne,
Pleasant it was to his eye;
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighb'ring town,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail!

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger!" quoth he;
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk to-day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman, who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you tell me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well;
And before the angel summon'd her
She laid on the water a spell—

"If the husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
And he shall be master for life:

" But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stoop'd to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

" You drank of the waters, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smil'd, as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

" I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But, i'faith, she had been beforehand with me,
For she took a bottle to church!"

MADRIGAL.

[COLLINS.]

FAIN would I weave a garland fair,
To deck my Delia's auburn hair:
To suit her blushing beauty bring
The roseate treasures of the Spring.

The plain a dreary desert lies,
And Winter the sweet boon denies:
But, ah! the frozen fields impart
Too true an image of her heart.

SONG,

SUNG BY THE ARMY OF THE RHINE.

Voulez-vous suivre un bon conseil?
Buvez avant que de combattre;
De sang froid je vaux mon pareil,
Mais quand j'ai bien bu, j'en vaux quatre:
Versez donc, mes amis, versez,
Je n'en puis jamais boire assez.

Ma foi! c'est un triste soldat
Que celui que ne sait pas boire,
Il voit les dangers du combat,
Le buveur n'en voit que la gloire:
Versez donc, &c.

Comme ce vin tourne l'esprit!
Comme il vous change une personne!
Tel qui tremble s'il réfléchit
Fait trembler quand il déraisonne:
Versez, &c.

Cet univers, ah qu'il est beau!
Mais pourquoi dans ce grand ouvrage,
Le Seigneur a-t-il mis tant d'eau?
Le vin me plairoit davantage:
Versez, &c.

S'il n'a pas fait un élément
De cette liqueur rubiconde,
Le Seigneur s'est montré prudent,
Nous eussions desséché le monde:
Versez, &c.

.....

IMITATED.

DRINK, soldiers! Noble is the plan,
Ere dreadful on the foe you pour;
Though I can, sober, fight my man,
My bottle gives me strength for four:
Then fill the bumper, let it pass,
I'm never weary of my glass.

He that to battle sober goes
Will dimly shine in future story;
He views the danger of the blows,
The toper only views the glory:
Then fill, &c.

As wine the heartless man can cheer,
And raise him to a brighter fellow,
So he that, sober, shakes for fear,
Makes others shake when he gets mellow:
Then fill, &c.

This world's a wond'rous work, and fine;
Yet, to my mind, the great Creator
Is somewhat sparing of his wine,
And mighty lavish of his water:
Then fill, &c.

'Tis wise, though, not to bid the tide
With elemental nectar flow;
Our drinking else the world had dried
To dust and ashes long ago.
Then fill, &c.

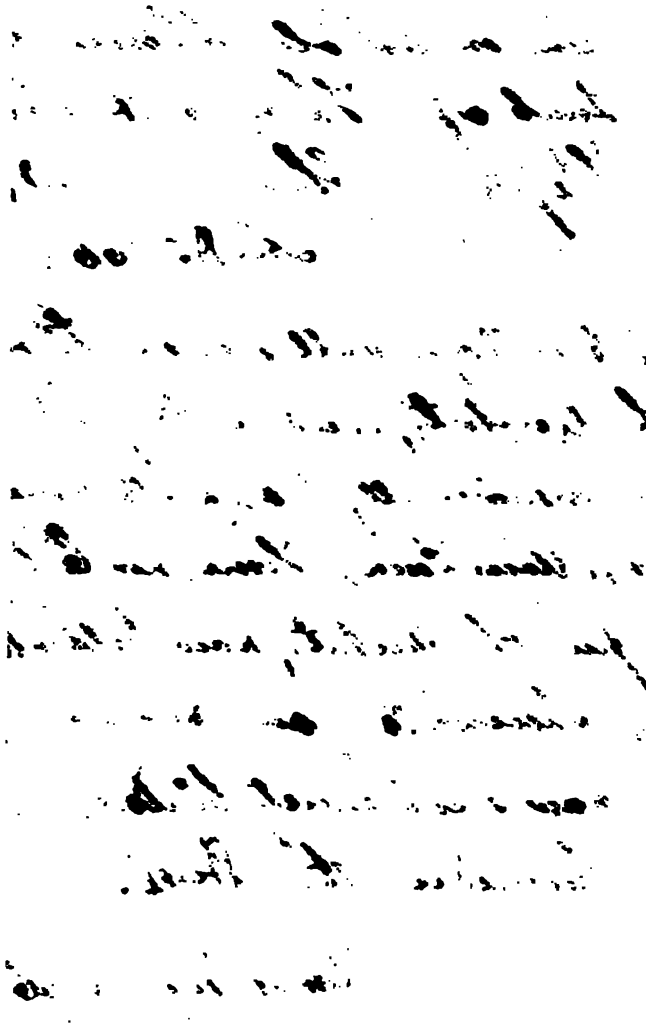
THE END.

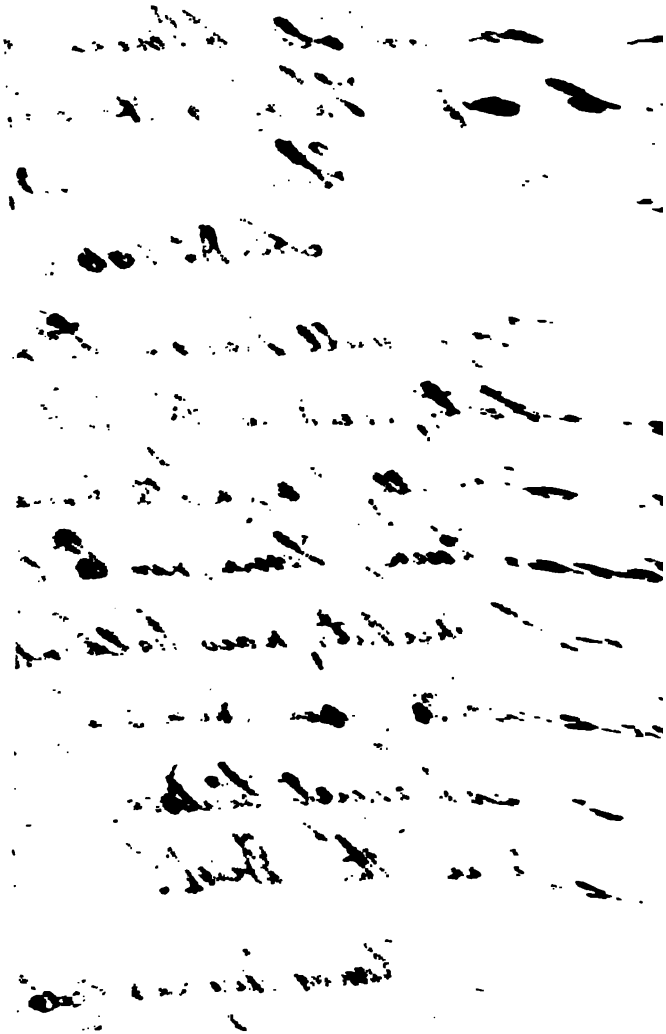
C. Spilsbury, Printer, Angel-court, Snowhill.

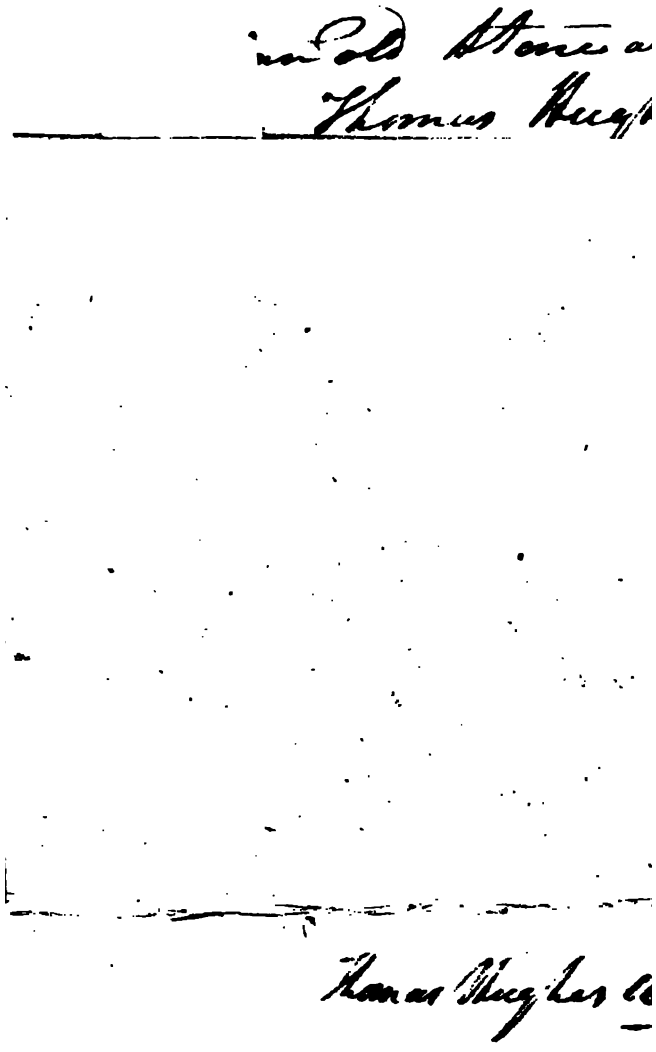
ERRATA.

Page 8, l. 6, for *sei*, read *fer*.

—— 105, line last, *for* go back, *read* come back.







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